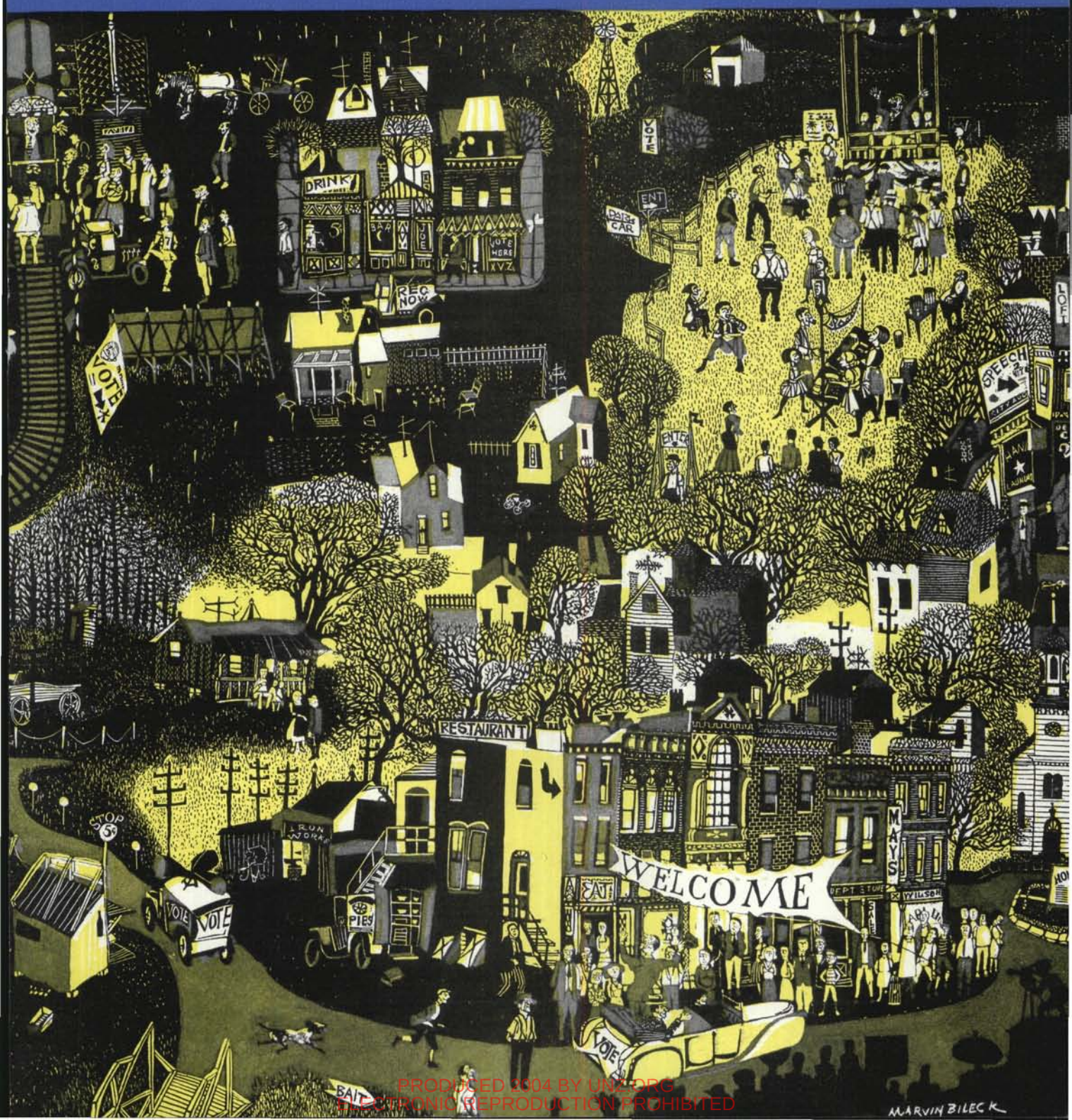
MacARTHUR'S HIDDEN HISTORY (page 20

The Reporter

October 14, 1952 25c



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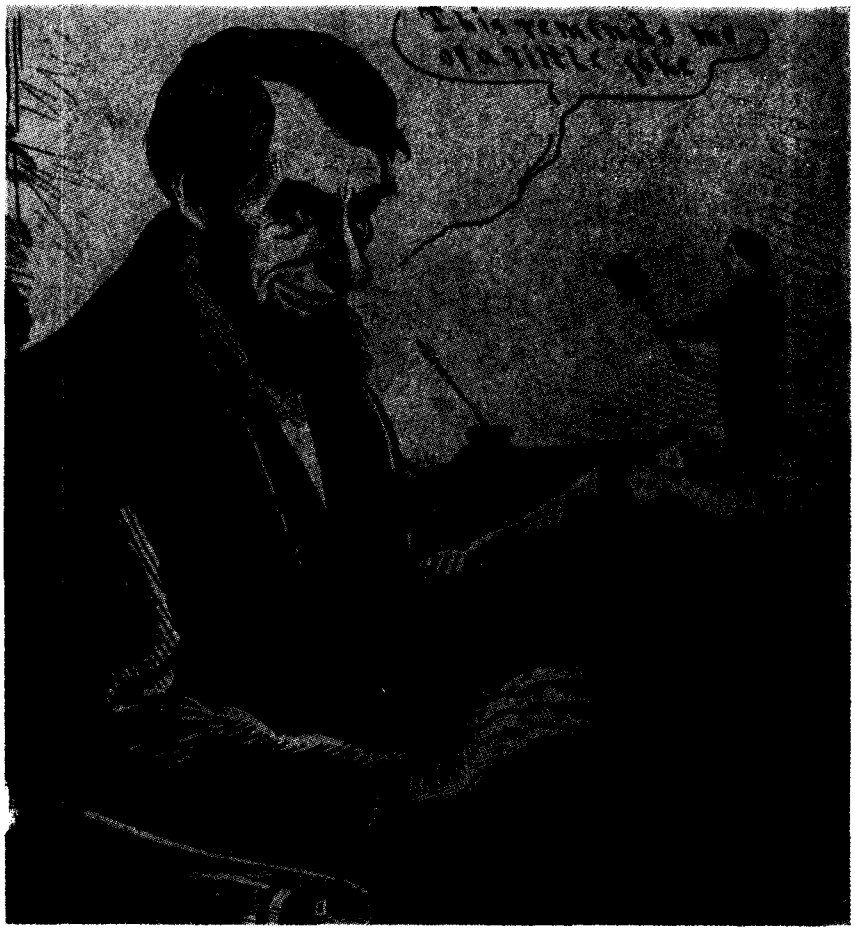

Humor as a Campaign Issue

In 1864, a wit from Illinois—oddly enough, a Republican—ran for re-election to the Presidency. His opponent, General George B. McClellan, a Democrat, had been removed from command of the Army of the Potomac in November, 1862. The spade in the hand of the midget McClellan in the Republican cartoon at left refers to the campaign charge that his army had done more digging than fighting. In the Democratic cartoon below, General Hamlet McClellan declaims: "I knew him, Horatio—a fellow of infinite jest."

New-York Historical Society

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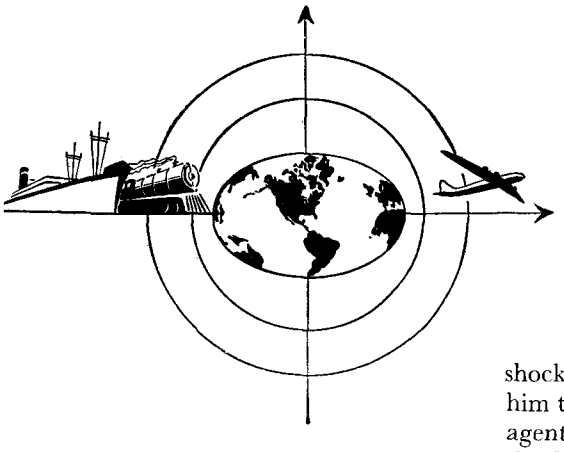

The Reporter's Notes

What, Nixon Again?

It seems to be destiny: We keep bumping into Senator Nixon. Perhaps our thinking about Senators is strongly influenced by seniority rule, which proves how, at bottom, we are just stuffed shirts. But certainly we must confess that we never paid any particular attention to the breezy young Senator from California, never put him high on the list of those national politicians whose record we like to watch.

And yet, like fishermen who are after an entirely different catch, twice we have had our fishing rod rudely tugged, and to our amazement what has come up has been a big Nixon story.

Our readers certainly remember the first time it happened. We had a hunch that more than one U.S. Senator had something to do with the China Lobby, and were rather startled when it turned out that the connections between that peculiar outfit and Dick Nixon's campaign were testified to by a reliable witness. This witness, our readers may remember, was Leo Casey, at that time an employee of a New York public-relations firm, Allied Syndicates, Inc. Mr. Casey had been rushed to California by his employer in the fall of 1950 to organize "Independents for Nixon," in Nixon's Senate campaign against Helen Gahagan Douglas. Casey did his job, but Nixon's victory was not the end of his labors, for he was told by a man who was quite influential in the firm that he had to go to Washington and "deliver Nixon to the Major."

The Major was Louis Kung, son of H. H. Kung and nephew of Madame Chiang Kai-shek. Mr. Casey was told that his work in the California election had been done for the "China account." He already knew that his firm was retained by the Bank of China, but was shocked that anyone could brazenly ask him to "deliver" a Senator to a foreign agent. "Soon afterward Mr. Casey left the firm, went to Washington, and told his story to Senator Nixon, who thanked him for the information."

Senator Nixon's thankfulness toward Mr. Casey, plus the fact that he didn't turn out to be one of the most zealous among the Formosa Firsters, led us to conclude that probably the Bank of China had made a rather poor investment and that probably Senator Nixon was not responsible for the assistance he had received. When, last July, he won the Republican Vice-Presidential nomination we were somewhat startled, as everybody was, and in hastily scanning his record we could not find any adequate answer to the question: Why Nixon?

Yet it was our duty to find an answer sooner or later, or at least to satisfy the curiosity in our own and our readers' minds: Who is Nixon, after all?

Obviously, there was a job to be done, and we put in charge of it our West Coast staff correspondent, Richard Donovan. About a month ago, Donovan started sending us signals of half triumph and half distress. Like the fisherman in Hemingway's story, he had made a big catch, but it was extremely hard to haul it in. Luckier—and much younger—than Hemingway's fisherman, Donovan could join forces with two colleagues, to avoid the danger that the catch be eaten up by sharks.

It would have been normal journalistic practice to have the Nixon story, once it was checked and written up by the three men, published simultaneously by the three publications they represented. But *The Reporter* felt that it just couldn't sit on such a story for days and days, waiting for this issue to be ready. So we were quite happy to let the two daily newspapers go ahead. We have no doubt that our readers, if they had been in our shoes, would have done exactly what we did. They know that *The Reporter* cares more for truth than for scoops.

We are proud of the part we played in the Nixon story, but at the same time we sincerely hope that we will be spared the experience of again bumping into this young man in a hurry. Somehow, we still cannot work up any great anger at him. We, together with Senator Morse and many others, think that he has been guilty, above all, of bad judgment. Not even his "trust" fund has won him a high priority on the list of our pet abominations. We cherish the hope that we shan't be bothered with him again—and that his widely advertised talent for salesmanship will find more rewarding outlets outside of politics.

The Harassed Press

The pro-Eisenhower press has heard rather disagreeable things recently from President Truman and Governor Stevenson. But the fact has not been adequately noticed that the press has lately been attacked also by Senator Taft—particularly that section of the press which in the pre-nomination period preferred Eisenhower to Taft.

The Senator, as usual, didn't mince words. He accused the pro-Eisenhower press of promoting the split, or, as he puts it, the "purge"' of the Republican Party. "A good many of my friends," he said, "have been concerned because so many of his [Eisenhower's] editorial and columnist supporters, and other individuals, who have always heretofore taken the New Deal line, have been urging him to repudiate the Republican platform, approve New Deal policies, and purge everyone who has fought hard for Republican principles against Truman and Acheson and the

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rest of the left wingers. I have felt confident that General Eisenhower had no such intention. The expression of such a confidence can be far more effective after a personal talk with him."

There are two things particularly interesting about this statement. One is that the pro-Eisenhower press, which answered Governor Stevenson and the President so indignantly, did not choose to debate with Taft. The second point is that according to Senator Taft there seem to be no wings or factions in the Republican Party. There is just Republicanism on one side—his brand, of course—and certain organs of the press on the other. Just newsprint.

The Missing Enemy

Talking of Senator Taft, his recent utterance confirmed a suspicion we have had for some time. What really hurts him even more than Eisenhower's victory is the fact that Truman did not get the Democratic nomination. For his own part, the President never made any mystery about his choice for the Republican nomination. In a way, the two men are close to each other, know each other, and each of them considers the other his favorite antagonist.

The greatest difference between the two is that, for all his verbal and epistolary intemperances, Truman is probably a more restrained and better-disciplined man than Taft. For Truman knows that his time is past, and a new generation is coming up. Taft doesn't. Truman does not preach the time-for-a-change theory, he practices it by removing himself. Taft will never forgive him for this.

More Than Containment

The Republicans' proposal for a foreign policy more positive than containment has become one of the mysteries of the campaign. It grows even more obscure as General Eisenhower and Senator Taft agree that containment of Communism would seem to require great risk, a lot of government attention, plenty of money, and a stout recognition that the great threat is internal. But as we struggle to understand what the more-than-containment policy is and how it can be managed with our eyes turning inward toward Ohio, the present containment policy seems to have its positive aspects.

There was quite a positive sound in the air over Korea the week of September 14-20, as U.N. planes shot down more Communist MIGs than in any week since the war began. In Europe new federal institutions took shape, and Britain began to think hard about rectifying its isolated position. In America we learned that defense spending was approaching its maximum.

As the containment policy evolves it seems to be doing an increasingly good job of filling the vacuums of power into which aggressive Communism had been reaching. More-than-containment is a nice slogan, but its authors seem to have planted it firmly in mid-air.

THE LEADER

Who is this aging man with wizened face
Speaking a language that is not his own?
Is he the captive of a pygmy race,
His greatness squeezed from him, his size cut down
To measure their mean scale? What chemical
Has so reduced him that he has to lean
On lesser men and suffer the embrace
of the unclean?

Once, not so long ago, his generous heart
Could heal the breaches between men and men
And make the whole the better for each part—
But that was then. . . .
He daren't remember. Now, without his hat,
His battle jacket, and his tolerance,
He seems a small man barking this and that
For cheers. Held in a sort of trance,
Divisive words are dubbed into his mouth,
Invoking new resentments, sowing hate
From east to west of us, from north to south,
Unchecked—unless he wakes, perhaps too late.

NIX, SON

Oh, down with the welfare state, boys,
And up with the private kitty!
A young, poor
Senator
Deserves to be sitting pretty!

Oh, up with the private interests,
And down with Dick's expenses—
Let business pay
Poor Richard's way
And Ike the consequences.—SEC

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CORRESPONDENCE

NIXON: A PROPHETIC VIEW

To the Editor: I had been hoping to vote Republican this year, but I believe that as much thought should be given to the selection of a Vice-Presidential candidate as to the head of a ticket who, one never knows, may die during his term of office. I am an independent voter, but my husband, who is a rock-ribbed Republican, was disgusted at the carelessness with which the choice was made, for he agrees with me that Nixon is a liability to the Republicans, not a help. I find that many independents like myself are delighted at the chance to support the Stevenson-Sparkman combination. Furthermore, I am old enough to realize that the Republicans never complained that *they* had been in power too long after twenty years!

LILLIAN W. BARBOUR
Oakland, California

[*This letter was written before Richard Donovan of The Reporter had helped to break the story on the Nixon expense fund. See page 29.*—THE EDITORS.]

THE WORKER-PRIESTS

To the Editor: Theodore White's article ("New Force in Europe: The Catholic Left," *The Reporter,* September 16) has the merit of being understandable to the American reader. The question is, however, whether, in this case, what is understandable is truly what is taking place.

I fully realize how difficult it is for someone who is not French to understand what is going on, and how easy it is to come to look at the French priest-workers as people engaged in "infiltration" work, their sole aim being "to win back souls to the sacraments." Such explanations are easily grasped but, unfortunately, they do not give the true picture, and the worker-priests would, I believe, resent the implication that they have compromised their church's doctrines for mere opportunism. They believe, I am sure, that what they are doing springs directly from Catholic doctrines.

CLAIRE HUCHET BISHOP
New York City

To the Editor: I think there must be an error in Theodore White's report on "New Force in Europe: The Catholic Left." Writing of the worker-priests, he says, "at night when they come home, they don their vestments and offer Mass in their rooms . . ."

Since the priest must be fasting in order to receive the Blessed Sacrament, fasting from midnight on, it is hard to see how he could say Mass after a day's work.

JOHN J. DONOHUE
New York City

[*The priests were given special permission to say Mass at night.*—THE EDITORS]

KOREAN INFLATION

To the Editor: My attention has been called to the article "Problem Children of Democracy: Syngman Rhee vs. the Assembly" by Henry S. Hayward in your issue of September 16, in which reference is made to one of the reports which I prepared during a short mission to South Korea on behalf of the United Nations early this year.

The quotations and paraphrasing from my report by your correspondent leave the wholly erroneous impression that I was attributing the spiraling inflation solely to mismanagement by the South Korean Government. While the report in question dealt chiefly with banking and fiscal policies, which are of course under the exclusive control of the Korean authorities, I had made it clear even in that report that at least an equally important share of responsibility for the inflation rested with the United Nations Forces in view of their large local-currency expenditures financed by borrowing money from the Korean Central Bank. It was certainly not my intention to place the sole or even the major share of the blame for the inflation upon the Korean Government, and my report had been very explicit on that point.

You may also be interested to know that, despite the Korean Government's reluctance —to quote your correspondent—to discuss my report, its publication in full in the June, 1952, issue of the *Monthly Statistical Review of the Bank of Korea* has been permitted.

ARTHUR I. BLOOMFIELD
New York City

IN DEFENSE OF 'HIGH NOON'

To the Editor: May I file a demurrer to Robert L. Hatch's review of "High Noon" in your issue of September 16? I think Mr. Hatch's chief objection to the plot of the screen play, that "it bespeaks a contempt for the people and elevates the leader to a position of solitary moral eminence," is both a distortion of the content and a somewhat dangerous springboard to critical thinking.

First of all, Gary Cooper as a retired marshal is not "the leader," an implied political distortion with which Mr. Hatch loads his dice for the unwary reader who may not have seen the picture. Cooper is just another citizen in the small Western town of the story, and though he does show more integrity than most of his fellow citizens, this integrity makes him no less one of the people, and certainly does not make him a totalitarian leader figure in either the Communist or fascist sense.

Second, Mr. Hatch's seeming insistence on blanket glorification of "the people" can lead, I'm afraid, to tripey propaganda pictures of the worst sort. I have always felt that one of the pleasures and strengths of democracy is its ability to criticize itself, occasionally to admit that its citizenry may be subject to error, that the happiest community may be prey to complacency and shortsightedness. The business about writer Carl Foreman needing some special justification for the survival of his hero is, of course, pure balderdash, but the idea that even a flirtation with the theme of *Coriolanus* requires kid gloves is a little frightening. Every now and again we need someone to scold us for smugness and self-interest. It is unusual to find the snippety tongue of a Jeremiah in a movie, particularly in a Western, but it is nonetheless salutory. That this element has in no wise detracted from the movie's popularity as a piece of entertainment is something of a miracle.

Third, in raising the question of the religion of the marshal's bride—"What is a Quaker likely to think of this picture?"—Mr. Hatch does moviemaking a real disservice. Movies are enough hampered by special pressure groups without having to worry about the same brand of Nice-Nellieism from a critic of Mr. Hatch's stature.

Fourth, Mr. Hatch winds up his article with a plea for the simple, clear-cut Western, though he has just assailed the character of the marshal in "High Noon" for being simple and clear-cut—"there is no weakness in the hero." Is there no pleasing the man?

AL HINE
New Milford, Connecticut

THE POETS' CORNER

To the Editor: I liked "Sec's" poem, "The People Are Wise" in the August 19 issue of *The Reporter,* with its theme of the wonder of the emergence of a candidate of the nature of Adlai Stevenson—"Out of the bands and circuses, Out of wrangle and faction and the incessant surf of words"—and of the people's astonished but instant recognition of him as the candidate they had really been praying for all the time.

When I was listening to the Stevenson acceptance speech another and older verse came to mind which expresses something of the same thought:

"There be many shapes of mystery,
And many things God makes to be
Past hope or fear.
And the end men looked for cometh not,
And a path is there where no man sought—
So hath it fallen here."

The quotation from Euripides was used by Franklin Roosevelt in his Harvard Tercentenary address of September 18, 1936.

M. R. BOUFFIOUX
Portland, Oregon

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The Reporter

A FORTNIGHTLY OF FACTS AND IDEAS

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in this issue . . .

As election succeeds election, the problems faced by the U.S. voter widen in scope and grow in complexity. In this issue we outline a few of the knottier ones: increasing bitterness and deteriorating manners in domestic partisanship; the growing pains of a vital interlocking system of alliances in Europe that can develop only with consistent leadership from this country; the problem of what Asian peoples are led to think of us—by Communist propaganda and some of our own actions; and the question of how to urge prudence on, yet sustain hope in, the slaves of Communism in Europe.

Henry Steele Commager is Professor of History at Columbia University. . . . **Theodore H. White** writes from Europe for this magazine. . . . **Willard Savoy,** who served with the Information Division of the Mutual Security Agency, is the author of a novel, *Alien Land,* and is currently working on a book to be called *Arrow in the Heart.* . . . **Alexander Boray** is the pseudonym of a British journalist. . . . **Jerome Forrest** and **Clarke H. Kawakami** were with the G-2 Historical Division in Tokyo between 1946 and 1950; Forrest is now with the Mutual Security Agency and Kawakami is doing research on Japanese wartime naval operations for the U.S. Naval War College. . . . **George McMillan** lives in Aiken, South Carolina. . . . **Richard Donovan,** a staff writer for *The Reporter,* was one of three reporters whose interview with Dana C. Smith led to the disclosure of Senator Nixon's unusual financial backing. . . . **Jean Lyon** described matriarchy in Malabar in the June 10 issue of *The Reporter.* . . . **Robert E. Sherwood** won the Pulitzer Prize for *Roosevelt and Hopkins.* . . . **Jean-Jacques Servan Schreiber** reports regularly from Paris. . . . Cover by Marvin Bileck.

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The Man for the Job—Part II

ADLAI STEVENSON is the candidate *The Reporter* supports—for two reasons: Stevenson's qualifications and his opponent's default. What was once the Eisenhower movement has turned into the Protective Association of the politicians who came out of the two Conventions humiliated and defeated. The upbraiding finger that Dirksen shook at Dewey now beats time not only for Taft but for Shivers and Byrnes.

Long before the Presidential primaries, the inexorable coming of this contest haunted many of us. For we knew that the eyes of a terribly concerned world would be upon us—particularly those of the enemy. It was reassuring to think of Eisenhower as the man who could hold the nation steady. Twice he had shown his leadership, first in the war, second in arousing Europe to united action.

Who else could better persuade his countrymen to keep some unity and restrain their partisanship even throughout the turmoil of a Presidential campaign? Perhaps behind this faith in Eisenhower there lay the unconfessed wish to skip the elections and have them too.

YET from the campaign's start it was evident that the recurring quadriennial fury was not to be restrained by any solemn awareness of national emergency. The ruthlessness that the Republican right wing exhibited when it fought savagely to nominate Taft did not subside after Eisenhower's victory. Swept by a misguided urge for party unity, the winning faction called to major positions of responsibility the best haters—including some of the best haters of Eisenhower and of his friends.

Eisenhower, the political apprentice, took his partisanship as if it were patriotism: my party, right or wrong. It no longer mattered with whom he associated himself. For this the major share of guilt goes to the leaders of the Republican Party—the men who, if victorious, will guide the nation. These men have shown their mettle in the trial run while guiding the campaign; what they have done to Eisenhower gives a true measure of what they would do to the nation.

It is a heartrending thing to see what is happening to this good man—to this great man, for not even he can unburden himself of the greatness he has earned. Yet still for a few more weeks, we will have to endure the distress of listening to him while he talks down to the people; we will see him clapped on the shoulder by men whose baseness he knows. But who is not glad—and privileged—to take a good look at Ike? The Republican (or Taftite-Dixiecrat) machine knows this, and counts on the hypnotic power of Ike's campaign slogan—an unbeatable slogan, for who hates Ike?

This is not the occasion to discuss what happened to this man. It is enough to say that if the liberal independents—and there are millions of them—had organized themselves under their own banners and not as camp followers of the Republicans, Eisenhower might have been spared his present plight. *The Reporter* gave warning when the time for action had not yet run out.

FORTUNATELY for our nation, Stevenson is an independent first, a Democrat second. He has been in politics just long enough to learn the game, and to realize that no one can rule the country without the assistance of a fairly effective, reward-seeking political party. He knows how to deal with the boys, but he is not one of them and never will be. He knows how to appraise the expediencies and obligations of politics by subjecting them to the scrutiny of an exacting conscience. So while he reveres the heritage of the last two Democratic Presidents, he is not likely to accept it uncritically or wholesale. In fact, one of his outstanding characteristics is that he is not a wholesaler—of anything.

This reserve, this sense of inner balance, this hatred of extremes, does not come from any superstitious faith in the magic virtue of the middle of the road. Rather, it comes from a belief that the appalling complexity of each problem facing our nation can be reduced to terms of clarity and sense—to terms that the people's intelligence can grasp. To "talk sense"—one of his favorite expressions—about any complex situation means to prune it of rhetoric and frills so that something can be done about it.

Stevenson would never dream of looking for an adjective describing his Administration as a "deal" of some sort. Under Stevenson the word "deal" long associated with "Square," or "New," or "Fair," would go back to its literal, unmetaphorical use among card players.

THE dangers confronting the survival of freedom leave no room for experimenting with wild extremes of revolution or reaction, particularly in the key country of the free world. These dangers impose a thorough re-evaluation of our policies and principles, done not in sheltered libraries but while we act, for we haven't got much margin for error, and not much time to waste. Stevenson's belief in freedom is attested by his campaign: the campaign of an astonishingly free man who is thoroughly in possession of his facts and finds his guidance in his conscience.

Yes, we can have faith in America.

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The Republican Dilemma

HENRY STEELE COMMAGER

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY today is confronted by a dilemma—a dilemma that may be fatal to its ultimate success as an instrument of government. It is the kind of dilemma common to parties long out of office, and one that has been accentuated by the peculiar circumstances of party leadership in this campaign.

The nature of that dilemma can be briefly stated. It is first that the party finds itself on both sides of almost every major issue, and second that (owing to the growth of factionalism in any party long out of office) it is increasingly unable to resolve its internal conflicts and settle on a coherent program.

The basic reasons for this situation are easy to understand; they may even excite our sympathy.

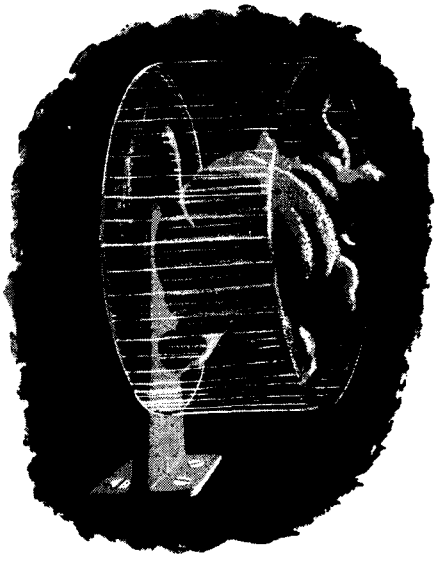
On the one hand it is the business of the party out of office to oppose. It is a business that almost any party performs well, for it is always easier to oppose than to construct, to criticize than to create. It is a business whose performance doubtless improves with practice, too, and over a twenty-year period the habit of opposition and the accumulated capital of opposition in the Republican Party have grown to portentous dimensions.

On the other hand, circumstances, fate—the way which water has of going over dams or under bridges—means that most of the major policies of any party long in office enter into the stream of history. They are there; they are settled; they are, for the most part, irreversible.

In short, they belong to history rather than to politics, just as, for all its deplorable character, the national debt belongs to history rather than to politics, and there is nothing to be gained by calling it a Democratic national debt or a Republican national debt; it has to be paid either way.

'I'm Against It'

Now most of the major policies of the New Deal-Fair Deal era belong in this category, and many of the minor ones as well, both foreign and domestic. Campaign rhetoric to the contrary notwithstanding, most of them have passed beyond partisanship. Thus flood control and soil conservation, minimum wages, bank-deposit guarantees, securities-and-exchange regulations, veterans' educational programs, atomic-energy controls, and so forth—all these are as firmly stitched into the fabric of our political life as are earlier controversial measures like the Federal Reserve Act, or trust regulation, or the prohibition of child labor. The Republican Party fought almost all of the New Deal policies when they were first proposed; and for years it has waged a sort of guerrilla warfare against their administration, yet it cannot repeal them or even modify them in essentials. About all that it can do is refrain from enlarging upon them, refrain from creating new TVA's or elaborating on the farm-support program.



So with the great issues of foreign policy. Even more clearly than in the domestic field what has happened here has entered into the stream of history. By a stretch of the imagination we might conjure up a Republican Administration so lost to reality that it would try to undo Social Security or sell TVA to private interests, but no party can reverse world developments. No party can reverse the consequences of two World Wars. No party can reverse the rise of the United States to world power, or withdraw it from the exercise or the responsibilities of that power.

Yet here again, the Republican record is a series of defensive actions waged by an unregenerate Old Guard. The Republicans fought Lend-Lease, the destroyer-bases deal, conscription, and aid to Britain; they fought the Marshall Plan, and every successive grant of foreign aid has to run a Republican gantlet. They have fought the effective implementation of NATO. Many of them, perhaps most of them, are still prepared to argue—as "Mr. Republican" argues—that foreign affairs are really secondary to domestic.

It is a familiar story, and one that might not in itself cause too much concern, for it is only fair to say that the Republicans opposed many Democratic policies not on principle but because it was their business to oppose, and because they did not trust the Administration that was to implement them.

But there it is, all the same, and at best it is an awkward record. And as with all things in life, great and small, it has its psychological repercussions and consequences. Some psychologists assure us that we are happy because we

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laugh and sad because we cry, and that our loyalties are commonly the product of our commitments, rather than our commitments the product of our loyalties. Just as an undergraduate who has cheered for Dear Old Siwash game after game comes in time to believe in the inherent superiority of Siwash to all other schools, so a party man who has declaimed year after year against the other side's policies, denounced them as unconstitutional, dangerous, and immoral, in time convinces even himself. He may find it difficult to reverse himself, not only for public reasons but for private reasons.

Bad Party Manners

It must be confessed that the Republican Party has acted more and more, in recent years, like a party of permanent opposition. It has acted as if it did not expect ever to be called upon to assume the responsibilities of office, and as if it did not really want those responsibilities. It has acted with thought for the past and sometimes for the present, but rarely for the future; acted as if it would never have to face the realities of power. It has been so busy embarrassing Democratic Presidents and Administrations that it has forgotten the most elementary lesson of statesmanship, that whatever embarrasses one party in power may prove equally embarrassing to another. It has forgotten that it is a great deal easier to create precedents than to drop them.

This is one reason why the Republicans have been so unwise in permitting themselves to indulge in extremes of invective and vituperation in recent years—and even now. As long as you differ courteously with your opponent you can make it up and be friends; you can even come around to his position without too much embarrassment. But if you call him a scoundrel and a traitor it becomes very difficult to make it up and be friends.

American politics is incomparably the worse for the habit of indulging in verbal extremes which has grown so frighteningly in recent years, just as diplomacy has suffered irreparably from the abandonment of the traditional proprieties and courtesies of the nineteenth century. A temporary gesture toward good manners cannot repair the immense damage done by bad manners in Congressional debate, bad manners in investigating committees, bad manners even in newspaper editorials and radio broadcasts. The character of American political debate in the last few years reminds us uncomfortably of the character of the political debate one hundred years ago—a debate which so exacerbated sectional relations that the Union itself split. The Republican Party must bear a heavy load of responsibility for the present deterioration of political debate.

Having and Eating Cake

This is the background of the Republican dilemma; this is the situation that explains and illuminates, though it does not excuse, those contradictions in the Republican policy that are becoming increasingly blatant.

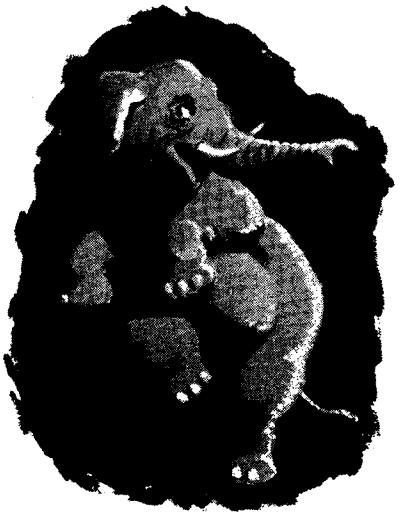
The party's candidates denounce the Truman policy in Korea, but they would not change it in any essential. They call the Korean War "Mr. Truman's war," but confess that they would not have stood aside and allowed the Communists to take over the whole of Korea. They call the Korean War an unnecessary one, and recklessly charge the deaths of American soldiers to the Administration, yet they propose to continue it.

Powerful elements in the party even support a policy looking to the extension of the war to China proper. They insist that Truman or Acheson was responsible for the triumph of Chinese Communism, but they would not reverse the Truman or Acheson Asian policies, and they have opposed programs for economic aid designed to save the rest of Asia from Communism.

They favor the maintenance of strong forces in Europe, but whittle away at appropriations to sustain those forces, and whittle away, too, at Presidential control of American armed forces abroad. They denounce the Administration for "doing nothing" to stop Communism in Europe, but oppose the practical application of the Truman policy, the Marshall Aid policy, and NATO, and show no enthusiasm for the United Nations.

The party is against Federal centralization and champions states' rights—a curious position for the party of Lincoln and Grant and Theodore Roosevelt. Yet it supports almost the whole of the program which inevitably enhances the power of the central government. And, what is more, it represents best those economic interests which have traditionally accounted for Federal centralization in the United States. For no matter what party orators proclaim, centralization is not the product of political ambition but of larger social and economic forces. Political centralization has always followed economic centralization, never anticipated it. Centralization began under the Republicans—during the Civil War. It went ahead under the Republicans—during Reconstruction. It was given its modern character by a Republican—Theodore Roosevelt. The party cannot now logically propose itself as the guardian of states' rights and at the same time as the champion of all those policies which historically have made for centralization: a strong foreign policy, a large military establishment, and the encouragement of business enterprise.

The party is against high taxes—as who is not?—but in favor of strengthening the military establishment and of



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enlarging the area of American responsibility overseas—in Manchuria, for example. It is in favor, too, of maintaining all present social-welfare programs and expanding Social-Security and farm benefits. It has not yet come out in favor of cutting the salaries of civil servants, reducing veterans' benefits, or scaling down interest or principal of the national debt.

The party wants lower living costs—as who does not?—but it is opposed to price controls of any kind, or to a program of taxation that would siphon off the surplus spending power of the rich. It favors lower rents—as who does not?—but neither rent control nor an effective program of public housing.

The party wants to cut down on foreign aid and to encourage economic independence on the part of our European associates. But it is against reciprocity, and pretty consistently votes for high duties on foreign imports, thus implying that it will, if it can, repeat some of the mistakes of the Coolidge and Hoover Administrations.

The party is in favor of individualism and free enterprise, but it is in favor, too, of that program of thought control—McCarthyism—which is the mortal enemy of free enterprise. For free enterprise begins and ends in the realm of ideas, not of things. Without freedom of intellectual enterprise—for example, freedom to initiate, to criticize, to inquire, to differ—in the long run there cannot be any genuine free enterprise in the economy.

Thought Control or Anarchy?

Finally, and not least important, there is the dilemma of the internal organization and control of the Republican Party—the dilemma of leadership or anarchy. Here, it is safe to say, Republican chickens hatched during the last six years have come home to roost.

Every strong President has been a leader of his party and of Congress as well as of the people. It was true of Jackson, it was true of Lincoln, it was true of Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson and Franklin D. Roosevelt. A President who wants to carry through a program must, of necessity, be able to impose that program on his party. There is nothing autocratic about this; it is simply the way the American party system—and the American democracy—works, if it is to work at all. The alternative is to have no policy, or to submit to frustration.

It is relevant to remember, too, that the Republican tradition is, peculiarly, one of a strong Presidency. The first Republican President, and the one still honored above any other, was a strong party leader. It was not by dictatorial means, however, that Lincoln controlled the conduct of the Civil War. Rather it was by a combination of patience, reasonableness, wit, and, above all, ability to rally popular support to his policies. There was another ingredient, too. That was courage. Lincoln was prepared to use the executive powers to the fullest extent permissible under the Constitution, prepared to formulate policies and carry them through, either under broad terms of the executive power, or under equally broad authority as commander-in-chief. The next really able Republican President, Theodore Roosevelt, was not only a party leader in practice; he formulated a philosophy of Presidential leadership which the Republicans might well go back and study now that they are in some danger of having Presidential responsibility on their hands.

In part because of their unamiable role of the Opposition, in part from that short-sightedness which has governed so much of their activities while in opposition, the Republicans have almost continuously attacked the Presidential power. They have sought to hamstring it at every point. In fulfillment of their role as critics, they have not distinguished between particular Presidents and the executive authority. They tried to deny the President authority to send American soldiers to points of danger overseas, though curiously enough they did not apply this same limitation to sending the Air Force or the Navy to points of danger. They tried to dictate the make-up of the President's Cabinet, though it is a fundamental consideration of our Presidential system that the President must select and control his own Cabinet. They tried to dictate foreign policy from the floors of Congress, though the President is constitutionally responsible for the conduct of foreign policy.

Lame Leaders

We are witnessing now the remarkable and depressing spectacle of the candidate who was selected in large part because he was above all those partisan activities and commitments that have

dogged the Republican Party for so many years succumbing to factional and partisan dictation. We are witnessing the spectacle of a candidate campaigning on a platform of national Presidential leadership unable to supply even party leadership. We are witnessing the spectacle of a candidate who has denounced appeasement himself appeasing the most recalcitrant elements of his party—the McCarthys, the Jenners, and the Tafts.

It might be argued that all this, deplorable as it is and ominous too, is inevitable; it can even be alleged, in a sort of Pickwickian sense, that it is all the Democrats' fault for being in office so long, and that we wouldn't be in the fix we are in if only Roosevelt and Truman had had the decency to let the Republicans win occasionally.

In one sense this is true. A President, though he can never suppress factionalism, can control or intimidate it—at least he can if he is any good. When he fails to do this, his Administration fails. He can get agreement on major measures, often at the cost of compromise or surrender on minor measures, or even at the cost of the kind of appointments that cause grief to the pure of heart. This was the Theodore Roosevelt record; it was the Wilson record; it was the Franklin Roosevelt record.

But a party long out of power almost inevitably succumbs to factionalism. It lacks national leadership. It lacks discipline, it lacks patronage. Leadership inevitably gravitates to Congressional stalwarts or to state governors. The Tafts, the Fines, the Deweys, the Mc-

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Carthys fill the void at the top. Each is more powerful in his own satrapy than is the temporary national leader, the candidate who is given a try; each is able to exact patronage and promises as a price of support.

Ike's Fumbled Opportunity

These considerations would go far to explain the position in which the Republicans now find themselves had a Taft or a Dewey or a Stassen been nominated, for none of these could have commanded united party support or risen above the claims of factionalism. But one reason why General Eisenhower triumphed over these stalwarts was precisely that he was supposed to be above factionalism, above that kind of blind partisanship which makes it impossible to recognize reality. He was nominated in part because he was unembarrassed by a long record of opposition, unembarrassed by a record of billingsgate in the discussion of public affairs, unembarrassed by a record of being against history.

After all, he was not responsible for that recalcitrance which the voters rebuked five times in the last twenty years. He need not have taken on the burden of Hoover's mistakes or Taft's perverseness or Jenner's vulgarity. He could repudiate—merely by silence if he would—the glib charges that President Truman was responsible for Communism in China, or that the national debt is a Democratic debt, or that Americans are losing their liberties and states their rights. He could repudiate easy appeals to prejudice and to bitterness and to hatreds; he could do all this without embarrassing the party—merely by returning to the great tradition of Republicanism, that of Lincoln and Theodore Roosevelt, of Elihu Root and Charles Evans Hughes.

What is disturbing is not merely that the Republican Party suffers from internal divisions. What is disturbing is rather the contradictions in the leadership itself, the official contradictions, as it were. It is not the divisions between the Taft and the Dewey wings of the party that are disconcerting. It is the division between the Taft and Dewey wings of Eisenhower, the Aiken and the Jenner wings of Eisenhower, the McCarthy and the Lodge wings of Eisenhower. It is the division that leads him to agree one day with Mr. Dulles that the paramount issue facing the nation is that of preserving the free world against totalitarianism and leads him to agree the next day with Taft that the paramount issue is that of preserving the nation against the threat of big government and Federal spending. If the Dulles argument is sound, then we are inevitably in for an increase of governmental power and of spending; if the Taft argument is sound we are in for a decline of governmental power and of spending. It is impossible for both to be correct at once.

Can a party that makes a cult of irresponsibility be trusted with responsibility? Can a party that has no policy or has conflicting policies be trusted to carry out any policy? Can a party that has not crystallized nationally provide energetic government, or will it merely mirror in office its confusion out of office? Can a party that lives on partisanship and places partisanship above nation be trusted to rise above partisanship to national responsibility? Can a party so deeply committed to the past rise to the obligations and potentialities of the future?

France vs. Germany Again: Europe's Unity in Peril

THEODORE H. WHITE

ALL THIS SUMMER, the United States and France have been haggling over an untidy matter called offshore procurement. In these days of astronomical international finance, the sums involved appear trivial—coming in slices of about two hundred million dollars each and totaling no more than $625 million for the next three years.

They are so trival, in fact, as to astound the uninformed observer when he learns that several of France's most eminent Cabinet Ministers privately predict the entire NATO alliance may break if France's demands are not met, and that one of France's Ministers has secretly informed the State Department that, failing agreement, the French Assembly may later repudiate the entire project of European unity which has been the joint cornerstone of French and American policy in Europe. In the heat of the American Presidential campaign this quarrel has been tucked away in the back pages and postponed by wise French and American statesmen to the climactic meeting of the NATO Council which must follow soon upon the American elections.

Who's the Boss?

It is doubtful whether, even at that meeting, the French will be able to reveal publicly what is on their minds. For what is on their minds is Germany, and they cannot say so without backtracking on all their postwar diplomacy.

For two and a half years the French invitation to the Germans to join them in European union has been the thread on which European affairs have been suspended; the invitation was made on French initiative; French insistence has compelled the United States to base all its strategy on this invitation; to withdraw the invitation now is impossible. Indeed, the French government has been willing to go one step further. French representatives in the so-called parliament of the Schuman Plan are at

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work trying to see how European union can be organized. But there exist certain national needs that French leaders believe must be satisfied before the final moves are made. The forthcoming meeting of NATO gives them their last chance to speak privately in council without the Germans being present.

At that meeting, France will seek guarantees in substance (not on paper) that in the European army and the European defense community France will not be forced to take second place to a dominant and resurgent Germany. Offshore procurement is only one of the guarantees involved. Offshore procurement is simply Pentagonese for the amount of money the United States Army has to spend on arms and munitions in countries outside the United States. But this money is, for the French, the quickest means of refinancing and re-equipping war plants looted by the Germans or bombed by the Allies.

If offshore procurement is concentrated in France, French industry can pull itself abreast of the Germans; if it is concentrated in Germany, the Ruhr will once again become the senior armorer of Europe, and thus the ordnance center of the new European army. The French government has made public another guarantee it hopes to win at the next council meeting—an agreement that will relieve France of part or all of the strain of the Indo-China War. This guarantee also concerns Germany. For if Indo-China continues to drain French manpower, the formation of the new French Army in Europe will be crippled. If the drain increases, while Germany's finest human material is being molded into new divisions in western Europe, then ultimately Germany becomes the prime power in the European army.

The Undismantled Ruhr

The Germany that France fears is not the Germany of today, or even of tomorrow. It is the Germany of five years hence, when the graph of the Ruhr's recovery is extended into the future, and the present civilized Government of Konrad Adenauer is replaced by some unknown new German leadership. It is the Germany which first showed its strength to France this spring, demonstrating that the Ruhr had recovered before French industry had pulled itself together.

All through the spring a wild and undignified scramble of European merchants and manufacturers swirled about the doors of the United States Army's purchasing offices in Heidelberg. As a result of the Lisbon accords, the United States had some $684 million to spend on European supplies, with a deadline of June 30, 1952. When all this was allocated, the French (with $336 million in orders) led the others and Germany had gotten next to nothing. This should have pleased the French; actually they were terrified.

France had won the lion's share of U.S. arms orders in Europe for fiscal 1952 simply because the Germans were still forbidden to manufacture or bid on arms. But in those industrial supplies where Germans and French had bid on U.S. Army orders in direct rivalry, German competition had been punishing. The French manufacturers (with a seventeen per cent subsidy from their government) asked $430 for a certain item; the German price was $320. The Germans offered the U.S. Army typewriters at precisely half the price of French typewriters; they offered field generators twenty-eight per cent cheaper than the French.

What the Ruhr, Germany's arsenal, can produce in the way of arms in the near future is anybody's guess. Allied control officers who labored so diligently from 1945 to 1950 to draw the bite out of the Ruhr shrug when the question is posed, for they are not sure whether to show pride or embarrassment at how much bite is still left. The fact is that Germany can produce (from drawings) parts for almost any piece of military equipment in the western world today and, with a pause for fresh designing, could make its own equipment. Steel castings for tanks could be turned out immediately, for the Ruhr has surplus annealing capacity. Armor plate for tanks would be technically easy to produce at once, but would press more drastically than any other item on Germany's needs in civilian reconstruction. Aluminum sheet for aircraft is in surplus in the Ruhr. Germany has excess drop-forging capacity for jet-plane parts and production techniques for jet engines which match or surpass the techniques of any other nation, including the United States.

How much of these arms could Germany produce in quantity? The answer depends entirely on the arrangements made for financing these arms by NATO, the European Defense Community, and the U.S. Army.

Wanted: a Dowry

This answer, and the Ruhr's capacity, are well known to the French. Once Germany and France are married in the new defense community, there can be no excuse for arms contracts being allotted on anything else but a cost-and-efficiency basis. It is true that the production of certain heavy arms and planes is denied to Germany because of strategic location. But everything

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else—artillery, shells, guns, tanks—is open to German enterprise, and the Ruhr can almost certainly make these things cheaper and quicker than a France still catching up from obsolescence and occupation. What the French seek, before their marriage to the Germans, therefore, is a dowry from the United States—a dowry large enough to let them modernize or construct new arms plants to replace the ones laid waste by the war.

Germany's manpower potential worries the French as much as its production potential.

France's military strength in Europe today is normally counted at ten standing divisions. Five of them are first class—those stationed in Germany or on the border—while the others decline to weak and pitiful skeletons. What makes the secondary divisions so poor is not so much their lack of equipment (which is largely because of slow American deliveries) as their poverty of leadership. Of the twenty thousand regular officers of the French Army, eight thousand are now fighting in Indo-China, in transit to or from that theater, or on four-month recuperatory leaves after tropical service.

Next year, France is supposed to swell its army to fourteen divisions, as called for in the European defense pact. But if the Indo-China War continues, it will not have the personnel. And even if by compulsion it can find the personnel, it will not have the money to do so if the United States does not finance the arms industry that the French consider more essential to defense than badly armed units.

Dienstelle Blank

Against this background, the German potential in manpower looms large indeed. For although Germany lost four million men in the war, it was left with a reservoir of veterans and officers incomparably more numerous, better trained, and more skilled than France's. To learn what the potential of Germany is in men, one need only pay a visit to Dienstelle Blank in Bonn.

Dienstelle Blank makes its home in an old three-story, red-brick building that sits on a quiet corner in a far suburb of Bonn, as tranquil as an old-fashioned schoolhouse abandoned for summer vacation. It is the embryonic German War Ministry, which draws its name from the frail and unassuming German trade-unionist who heads it, Theodor Blank.

There is nothing warlike about Dienstelle Blank at all—except for the little boys who occasionally charge about the corner pointing sticks at each other and yelling "pap, pap," as little boys do all over the world when they play soldier; and, of course, for its telephone number—1871, the year that marked the close of Germany's last victorious war.

The personnel at Dienstelle Blank today would not even staff a first-class Paris hotel. Its roster of 250 includes everyone from Generals Speidel and von Heusinger at the top down through the junior executives, and to the scrubwomen, chauffeurs, and clerks at the bottom. These days, all of them are occupied chiefly in waiting; their plans are drawn (and marked *Streng geheim*); they await only the ratification of the European defense pact to press the buttons that will change the plans into German military strength.

The planners of Dienstelle Blank started with one big advantage: Except for the United States and Russia, the war left Germany with the greatest legacy of trained military skill in the world. The Wehrmacht is gone now. But of that formidable force which still, in September, 1944, counted 7,536,946 soldiers organized in 260 divisions (plus 1,923,291 men of the Luftwaffe and 703,066 sailors), millions of skilled men and officers are still young enough to fight again. Thirteen hundred and fifty ex-generals of the Wehrmacht are still believed to be alive; so are some three hundred thousand officers and between three and four million veterans of combat age. Raw manpower is plentiful in Germany, where unemployment stands at 1.5 million (in France, by contrast, unemployment is almost nonexistent). An eighteen-months' draft of youths between nineteen and twenty-one can pick and choose among more than one million fresh young men in the prime of vigor. Below nineteen, the age groups are swollen by the first fruit of Hitler's birthrate (while below nineteen the French age groups sag under the impact of the depression).

Dienstelle Blank declares itself able to deliver to the command of SHAPE, within three years of ratification of the European defense pact, twelve combat-ready divisions (six armored, three mechanized, and three infantry). This contingent would be twice as large as the U.S. Army in Europe, which will remain fixed at six divisions. It would be three times larger than either the French or British contingents in Germany, which will stay at four divisions each. This 345,000-man ground force would be braced by an air force of seventy-six thousand and a navy of twenty-five thousand. All in all, it would be the most powerful single element of western fighting strength at the

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point of greatest danger—the forward line of the Red Army in central Germany.

Y-Day

The timetable of creation for these forces starts with a hypothetical Y-Day, the date of ultimate ratificaton of the European defense pact by all concerned. On that day, 150 senior officers will be named for regimental and divisional command, for staff assignment and training schools. While these men fill in details of the blueprints, simultaneous screening will proceed for thousands of professional subordinate officers and forty-five thousand noncoms on twelve-year terms. Six months of screening are allotted to find enough officers and noncoms to permit recruiting of the first regular soldiers (eventually there will be thirty thousand of these signed on for four- or five-year hitches). Three months after the first regulars have entered army life, the first draftees will be fed into the cadres. Six months should be enough, figures Dienstelle Blank, to take the draftees up the ladder of basic training, company exercises, and regimental exercises, and make divisions of them.

Six of these divisions should be ready (if American arms are forthcoming, or if German arsenals are revived) within fifteen months of scratch. Another year would be required to make these first six divisions really good and back them with enough more draftees to form six more divisions. When the twelve-division figure is reached—some two and a half years after mobilization day—German strength would stay stable as time-expired men passed to the organized reserves and their places were filled by draftees phased in seasonally.

It would be transparently easy, with Germany's human material and with this timetable, to make a *German* army. What is extraordinarily difficult is to create a force which is only a German *contingent* in a *European* army. The greatest problem of Dienstelle Blank is therefore to find efficient professional officers untainted by the arrogance, ruthlessness, and rabid nationalism of Germany's modern armies. The key posts at Dienstelle Blank are now held by men either directly involved in the 1944 plots against Hitler or by officers relatively unstained by Nazi excesses. The fate of these men as well as that of the European army is involved in their success in finding other officers who will accept *Europe* as a greater loyalty than *Germany* and who will not, eventually, turn on Dienstelle Blank's planners as traitors.

These plans frame some curious perspectives. Over the long run of ten or twenty years, young Europeans will mature through international schools and international staffs to be true Europeans, thinking of the map of Europe and loyalty to Europe. But in the short run of five to seven years, the staff of the European army, where decisions are made, will probably be most heavily influenced by Germans, because they speak for the core element, the solidest single chunk of strength in the line-up.

Both in Bonn and in Paris, plans proceed on the assumption that the treaties now signed and awaiting ratification are solid and will become fact.

Verboten: the Goose Step

In Germany, Dienstelle Blank has worked out plans for turning old-fashioned German militarism upside down. Noncommissioned officers in the new German divisions will no longer have powers of almost absolute despotism. Court-martial procedures similar to those of the U.S. Army will be set up, guaranteeing soldiers right of counsel and the presence of other enlisted men on the boards. The goose step is to be forbidden. Soldiers are to be permitted to wear civilian clothes off duty. They will march under a European flag and wear a European uniform (a modified form of American battle dress). Officers are to be indoctrinated and trained in the European concept and will be expected to transmit it to the troops under their command.

In Paris, all the international agencies are roughing out plans for the reception of German strength and German personnel. SHAPE is prepared to assist in every way. It plans to have German pilots trained in the United States and Britain; it will send German officers through refresher courses in America. When German divisions are at last available they will be deployed at once. According to the European defense pact, no European nation will be permitted to have a full corps of its own, and the Germans will be scattered by their inclusion, division by division, among other troops. Several will be stationed in the American Seventh Army; one will be bracketed with the British Army of the Rhine. German staff officers will make their way up the ladder as their field elements grow. They will start, almost at once, by sitting in the Central European Command of SHAPE under French Marshal Alphonse Juin at Fontainebleau. When, finally, combat-ready German divisions are delivered for deployment, German officers will be seen in SHAPE's own sacrosanct planning councils.

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NATO has not waited for the ratification of any pacts to take Germans under its roof. Thirty-odd German officers arrived in Paris this June to join French, Italian, Dutch, and Belgian officers in an interim commission of the European Defense Community.

When, eventually, the treaty is finally ratified by all the contracting powers, this advance delegation will multiply out of all recognition. SHAPE officers estimate that to direct the European army a headquarters as big as the Pentagon will be necessary, with something like thirty thousand officers and employees.

Now, in the fall of 1952, the European army, seemingly so near realization, is beset by a crisis as great as it has met along the past course it has come. But every political crisis on the road to union has seemed equally discouraging as it approached climax.

There can be no European union or European army without the French. However, the French Assembly, coming back into session after summer vacation, is in a surly mood. Now that the so-called parliament of the Schuman Plan is working as a quasi-constitutional assembly for western Europe, domestic criticism of the European-minded French foreign policy is likely to increase.

Unless help comes to hard-pressed Foreign Minister Schuman, unless the United States can offer France very strong guarantees that it will enter the new union with the hope of remaining a permanent equal of Germany, the very authors of the dream may turn against it.

Can We Ever Win The Mind of Asia?

WILLARD SAVOY

NOT LONG ago I spent a number of months in Asia as a representative of the Mutual Security Agency. In my official capacity, I had a good chance to learn something about Asia's economic and social troubles. But as an American Negro, I had an even better chance to find out at first hand what many Asians think of U.S. democracy. What I heard was far from encouraging. Despite the onslaughts of the Japanese and the Communists, the notion of "white supremacy" is not dead among westerners in Asia. Even more alive among Asians are hatred and suspicion of this attitude.

I got my first clue to Asian feelings in Hong Kong, at the home of Kung Li-sun, a prosperous Chinese merchant.

Four of us sat on the screened veranda—Kung Li-sun; his vivacious American-born wife; Bob Rayford, for twenty years a shipping-line representative in Asia; and myself. We had talked of Chiang Kai-shek's Nationalist Government on Formosa, of the poverty, disease, and illiteracy with which Asia's free governments had to cope, and were now discussing the Japanese occupation of Hong Kong.

"Yes," said Kung Li-sun, "the Japanese were cruel invaders. But Asia owes them a great debt. They taught us that Asia belongs to Asians. They broke the back of colonialism." His voice was fervent. "No more western—" he hesitated—"powers will come into our homelands and live like kings and throw us crumbs. We will set the terms now. We will govern ourselves. We may not do too well at first—but we will try."

Several hours later, Rayford and I were driving down toward the city. We knew that this yellow-skinned man had voiced what millions of his fellow Asians felt. Both of us understood that when he had said "western" he had meant "white."

"For twenty-odd years," Rayford said, "I've watched these people grow sick of having the good things of life flaunted in their faces, of being cursed for their color and their poverty, and left to starve. They've been taught to despise white men, and they've learned their lesson well. Our colonial friends left us a shabby inheritance, and by the living God," he banged his fist against the steering wheel, "we're doing little enough to improve on it. Instead of trying to show these people that we're another brand of white man, too many of our own people come out here for what they can get out of it. For the first time in their lives, they can lollygag around in posh clubs and indulge their arrogant, insulting condescension. Meanwhile the Reds sit back and point their finger and tell Asia, 'Didn't we tell you? All of them are alike.'"

Paperbacks in the Supermarket

Hong Kong is Asia's supermarket. Its daily life mirrors every problem and tension that is tearing at Asia today. The city's narrow, precipitous streets—thronged with rickshaws, pedicabs, busses, trams, and endless, shuffling foot traffic—are one of the world's fantastic spectacles. Of its streets, none is busier than Queen Anne's Road. Nor does any other so clearly reflect the next-door presence of Communist China. For the bookstalls along Queen Anne's Road offer products typical of the material Communism is pouring into Asia's information vacuum—material ranging from crude but effective comic books to calligraphic translations of Karl Marx.

Target No. 1 is Uncle Sam, pictured as intent on taking up where colonialism left off. Typical pamphlets show him variously as a lank wolf leading the United Nations—a group of sheep—by tethers made of dollar bills, or using bowls of rice to lure gaunt

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Asians into a mechanical device from which they too emerge as dollar bills. Prominent western diplomats are portrayed as beasts of prey crouched in hiding to pounce on unwary Asians.

Also typical are booklets showing western troops—Asians are always set apart by darker shading—engaged in the slaughter of Asian civilians, the ravishment of Asian women, and in the wanton destruction of Asian property. Not even the paraphrases my embarrassed guide gave me of the captions for these could be sufficiently expurgated for publication.

Many Americans pooh-pooh such Red propaganda. "Oh, yes," they say, "but after all, *nobody's* going to believe such obvious lies." The reverse is true. Pictures of downtrodden, poverty-stricken Asians are believable to men who have known nothing else. Western newcomers are measurable mainly by Asia's yardstick of colonial experience.

The net effect is to feed Asia's suspicion that we are sympathetic to, and plan to resume, the hated practices of the old colonial overlords. Communism does not leave the encouragement of Asia's race-color sensitivities to chance. A major part of its propaganda is specifically designed to inflame Asian race-color attitudes.

Nor does Communism rely solely on its uncomic comic books to push its race-color "hate-America" campaign. A vigorous Communist daily press plays its role. Radios Moscow and Peking chant Red versions of the news on a round-the-clock schedule. And Communist cells in each Asian country are pressing an Asia-wide word-of-mouth campaign with a vernacular facility that few westerners can match.

Fuel for Their Fires

The American scene—and indeed, the whole western world—is scanned for race "incidents" to serve as feature material for Communism's hate-hucksters. No story is too old to be hashed and rehashed for Asian consumption. Here are random examples of the kind of stories Communism has recently used to tell Asia how America feels about people with colored skins:

U.S. TO MURDER
BLACK HERO IN KOREA!

Thus did Hong Kong's Communist press, in the fall of 1950, tell its readers about the court-martial death sentence in Korea of Lieutenant Leon Gilbert, a Negro officer found guilty of "misconduct before the enemy."

Telling its readers that Lieutenant Gilbert's treatment was "typical of how the western democracies treat people who do not have white skins," the story related that Gilbert, a U.S. Negro who had "led colored troops in a heroic stand against impossible numbers of

Communist troops near Sangju, Korea, while white troops about his position had fled in panic, has been tried and sentenced to death on a trumped-up charge to save face for white officers and men who had been in the action."

These are the facts: Lieutenant Gilbert *did* leave his post on a combat line near Sangju. He *did* refuse to obey direct and competent orders to return to that post. He *was* sentenced to death. The sentence was commuted by President Truman, and is presently being re-reviewed by an Army-Air Force Clemency and Parole Board, while Gilbert serves a seventeen-year term.

After the Gilbert story, the Reds saturated Asia with accounts of the riots in Cicero, Illinois, where law-enforcement officers stood by and allowed mobs to molest a Negro Air Force veteran and his family who sought to occupy their newly secured apartment in the Chicago suburb. The wave of Asian indignation roused by these accounts met New York's Governor Tom Dewey head-on in Jakarta, Indonesia, last summer during his tour of the Far East, and he was publicly questioned as to how he reconciled the incident with the meaning of democracy.

In rapid succession, the following U.S. news stories offered the Reds ready-made ammunition to fire on us in Asia:

The midnight bomb murders of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Moore, slain by white terrorists as they slept in their Florida home, because of their efforts to secure better public facilities for Negroes in that area.

The St. Louis swimming-pool riots, during which hoodlums attacked Negro would-be swimmers in full view of St. Louis police.

The refusal of U.N. Mediator Ralph Bunche to accept a position with the U.S. State Department, because he was "unwilling for his children to suffer racial discrimination in the nation's capital."

A Chinese family on the West Coast, and another in Des Moines, Iowa, denied entrance to "white dwelling areas" by residents who howled that the presence of Orientals would "destroy property values."

The vague wording of civil-rights planks arrived at by major political parties during the recent Presidential Conventions.

Sources of Misunderstanding

In spite of Red propaganda, we still have friends in Asia. Though our prestige there has waned in recent years, we enjoy greater favor than any other western power does. We continue to stand as an example of the goal toward which Asia's nations in revolution may strive.

Programs launched by the Economic Cooperation Administration—now the Mutual Security Agency—and by the Technical Cooperation Administration are helping every free government in Asia and the Middle East to grapple with the problems they *must* solve if they are to provide the better way of life their people are demanding, and thus defeat the constant efforts of national Communist parties.

Our shirtsleeve diplomats are working with quiet effectiveness in the villages of Asia, giving the lie to Red charges of racial arrogance and intolerance. But not all Americans abroad are good salesmen for Uncle Sam.

I went to Seoul after the Communists had been driven out of that city for the first time, to report on the re-

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turn of ECA mission personnel to take part in the mountainous tasks of reconstruction and emergency relief. There I learned about "gookism," an attitude that threatened to undo with a word and a sneer the most courageous efforts of the ECA men to help mend the ruin of war.

Here is what one Korean physician said to me about "gookism" as we stood at the edge of the rubble heap that had been his hospital:

"You tell us that you are fighting for freedom and for human dignity." His lisping speech gave the words a curious sound—"Is that not so?"

"Yes."

"But do your countrymen really understand this 'dignity' for which they fight? Is it a willingness to die for the right to sneer at me and curse me for a 'gook'?" He peered closely into my face. "You are a Negro?"

"Yes."

"I was not sure. Years ago, when I studied medicine in your country, I saw many Negroes. Now I see them again in my country. They are soldiers. But they are not treated as comrades by the white men with whom they fight. You know," his smile was enigmatic, "I have heard the white soldiers call my countrymen 'dirty stinking gooks' and I have heard them call the black soldiers 'niggers.' They say both of them the same way. Do they mean the same thing?" His gaze fixed me. "No, I do not believe your countrymen truly understand why they have broken our country to pieces. It is a great tragedy. You have so many gifts to share—there is so much you could give back for what you have been given. It is a great tragedy."

He left me close to shame, and turned abruptly and went to kneel where his wife squatted in the powdered, fire-burnt masonry, searching every inch with a hand magnet for hidden nails and hardware, and for the precious instruments that her husband had hidden from the Communists. His back was rigid and uncompromising.

As I walked away, I thought how desperately my country needed to erase that man's doubts about us—doubts that are shared by millions of men in the Orient. Many of our friends in Asia are confused by our failure to meet Communism's race-color hate-America campaign face to face. They are unable to defend us against Communist charges, and their confusion prevents Asians from thinking of us in terms of the freedom and better way of life that are Asia's objectives.

The Same in Europe

Between Rome and Paris, on my return from the Far East, I talked with an Indonesian student. After asking my opinion of American economic efforts in Asia, he plunged into his own appraisal of what the United States should do there.

"The best thing you Americans can do," he said, "is to get out. We do not want your Trojan horse gifts. They mean no more than your democracy, and that you reserve for white people. I have been in your country and seen how you deny it to your black taxpayers."

I looked at the man; he was almost black-skinned, his only non-Negroid feature a shock of wavy hair through which he constantly ran his fingers. I wondered what had happened to him in the United States.

He went on: "You expect other colored people to believe that you *want* to share it with them. We are not the fools you must think us to be. All over the world, the colored people are throwing the white imperialists out: Asia, the Middle East, Africa. I tell the truth."

I thought of what Bob Rayford and Kung Li-sun had said months before in Hong Kong, and I asked: "Why do you tell me this?"

"Why? Because it pleases me to watch a white man react to these facts."

"I am not a white man—I am an American Negro." The man stared at me, and said, "Then you are a white man's hireling."

"No," I said. "I am not."

"Tell me, does not your country deliberately cheat Negroes of their rights as citizens?"

"That is not true."

"You deny it!" His voice rose. "Do you also deny that white men kill Negroes in your South just for sport?"

"Of course I deny it. It is an absurd statement."

The man laughed aloud. "Why, the whole world knows that."

"We apparently travel in different worlds."

"You are remarkably uninformed," he said, "but perhaps your masters find that useful."

"I am not completely uninformed," I said. "I have met many citizens of Asia in the past several months. Many of them held doubts about the real worth of democracy. However, all but a few were willing to withhold final judgment. My country has not yet achieved the fullest promise of democracy. I know that quite well—no nation yet has. But that is our goal, and every day we move closer to it. We will reach it, rest assured. There are discontented people in my country—yes. Shortcomings are never corrected quickly enough to please the people they affect. But discontent has always

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made for change and progress. What is happening in Asia today is proof of that."

"A nice play on words," he jeered, "but I have been to your country and what you say does not alter what I know are facts. One—the laws of more than one third of your United States deny black people the simplest dignities. Two—at least a third of your remaining states do the same thing by 'gentlemen's agreements.' The only reason this is so is because these people do not have white skins. What do you say to that?"

"Your generalization does not give an accurate picture of America. You cannot sum up feelings in columns of figures."

"You are an excellent apologist. Tell me this: Why was it that the atom bombs were dropped in Asia—not in Europe?"

"I believe that those bombs were used in the sincere belief that their use had become a necessary measure to win lasting peace. I am certain that the decision to use them was reached only after great soul-searching."

"Do you know what all Asia believes?"

"I do not believe that any man can say what all of Asia believes. I know what the Communists have been telling Asia."

"Asians," he said, "believe that the atom bombs were dropped on Japan because the Japanese were not white men. They believe you will use them in Korea for the same reason."

I knew, as I turned away, that nothing I had said had influenced that man, and I was keenly aware of the inadequacy of my words.

With what words could I convey to that bitter man my conviction that, though my country is guilty of the discriminations of which he is so much aware, there is a conscience coming to life in America, stirring men of all races to break away from the prejudices on which they have been nurtured, and to search for the truth? How could I tell him that I know this to be so because I am a part of it, and it of me?

How could I tell him that, though America's black folk retain their anger against the discriminations that touch their lives, their ambitions and determinations are wholly American?

How could I tell him that these attitudes he hates are changing daily—but that the swiftness of change must depend on the will of the majority; that to short-cut the democratic process, even to attain its goals, is to take steps toward its destruction?

Words alone could not reach that man. But he cannot be dismissed as just a fanatic. His feelings are but a step from those of the Korean physician, of Kung Li-sun, of millions of less thoughtful Asians whom Red propaganda may shove over the line into his sort of hatred.

An American pilot for China Air Transport gave his view of our position in Asia to a group of us over gimlets one night. "Might as well face it," he said, "the old Shanghai-Canton days are gone. We can still make plenty of money out here, and we can help these people get a job done too. But we're going to have to use a hell of a lot more realism than we have 'til now. First of all, we've got to face up squarely to some of our own faults."

Attitude Sickness

What Asia believes to be the truth about us is as much a fact as are the conditions of disease, poverty, and illiteracy that we are helping its free governments to relieve. While these beliefs, and the attitudes they engender, are intimately related to Asia's physical ills, they are not merely concomitants of those ills. Aggressive steps taken to relieve the ills will not necessarily be steps to change the attitudes. Obviously, a tone of voice can confirm Asia's suspicion of our race-color feelings, even as spoken words teach new and more productive skills.

These attitudes must be dealt with as the major problem that they are, not as incidental phenomena. If we continue to lead the free world, eventually we shall have to face these same attitudes in the last strongholds of colonialism whose people are already stirring against white domination.

Self-interest dictates that we take prompt steps to forge a weapon with which to fight Communism's race-color charges, and to clarify our own race-color position. We can forge one.

We must, first of all, abandon any feeling that it is "hopeless" to deal with Asia's race-color attitudes. It is not.

We must root out any guilt feelings that we are meeting some shapeless retribution for our failure to live up fully to our ideal of democracy. We stand on firmer ground than most of us suppose.

We need to examine carefully our strengths and our weaknesses—without inflating the one or playing down the other. Then, without borrowing from the documents of the past, but in the plain language of our own day, we must state our purposes as a democratic people to the world—and to every American. We must say it over and over again, with great care that it does not slip into easy, jingling clichés.

Such a declaration might say, in substance, "We are not yet a perfect democracy. We have shortcomings with which we are dissatisfied. But we are determined to overcome these with all possible speed."

No Miracle Cures

Today it is impossible to say: "It would be nice, but not necessary, to have free Asia aligned on the side of the West." We *must* have free Asia on our side. If its nations are lost for any reason, our economy will almost immediately feel the strangling effects of denied resources.

Asia's revolution demands that the physical needs of its people be met *and* that their hunger for human dignity be satisfied. If we are to win the enduring allegiance of Asia's nations, we must help them to find answers to both of these demands. We must tackle their doubts about us with the same realism that we are tackling their diseases.

Neither DDT nor atom bombs are going to change the beliefs about us that Communism is nourishing in Asia.

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Should We Stir Up Resistance Behind the Iron Curtain Now?

ALEXANDER BORAY

RECENT utterances by prominent Americans have led many Europeans to assume that this country is preparing to encourage underground warfare and active resistance behind the Iron Curtain. Actually, several American agencies have recently been busy discouraging such assumptions, having decided that underground activities at this time would be both premature and dangerous.

But it is certainly true that Europeans drew their conclusions about imminent underground activity from supposedly responsible American voices. The most recent example was John Foster Dulles's speech in Buffalo late in August urging the instigation and support of a resistance spirit behind the Iron Curtain. There was also the voice of Senator Robert A. Taft, whose recent *A Foreign Policy for Americans* proposed that the United States should infiltrate anti-Communist exiles into the Iron Curtain countries to build up an underground. Senator Taft is not considered a frivolous man, and his words were not taken lightly in Europe.

Far more important than either of these statements was the news that the U.S. Congress had passed this spring, as part of the Mutual Security Act of 1952, an appropriation of $100 million as a special fund for militant help to anti-Communist persons and groups in the Soviet-dominated parts of Europe. The fund was intended, specifically, to aid the escape of people behind the Iron Curtain who wished to join combat units for the ultimate liberation of their homelands. To a good many Europeans this meant Underground Now.

This was probably the first time in history that a parliamentary body had advertised its appropriation of such a fund. Some deplored it as a lamentable indiscretion; others admired the absence of hypocrisy. The Soviets naturally protested, and Foreign Minister Vishinsky screamed in the U.N. General Assembly that the U.S. appropriation was a violation of the 1933 exchange of letters between President Roosevelt and Foreign Minister Litvinoff, in which both nations promised not to interfere in each other's internal affairs. American delegates in the Assembly asked Mr. Vishinsky to specify dates and occasions when the Soviets and their agents had *not* interfered in American affairs, and asked, further, since when Hungary, Czechoslovakia, *et al.* had officially become part of the Soviet Union.

Saber-Rattling Refugees

Whatever the effect on the Soviets (and it was considerable), among Iron Curtain anti-Communists the news of the Congressional appropriation certainly encouraged the expectation of early action. And undoubtedly some of their fellow nationals in the United States, with whom they are always in secret communication, helped to stimulate that notion.

For anti-Communist exile groups here, some of them bitter rivals, the news of the appropriation was a signal for a descent on Washington to present certain Congressmen with various sure-fire underground organization plans, and to bespeak the Congressmen's aid in getting a good slice of the appropriation earmarked for a particular group. As a result, a number of Congressmen have suddenly become experts on the underground movements in lower Slovakia and the Western Ukraine, and several have practically organized their own undergrounds.

Anyway, the news of the hundred million dollars has traveled around the world and has assumed the proportions and weight of an army. The material-minded Communists, who appreciate big sums and have long propagandized the power of the dollar, are much impressed, and even more inclined to be suspicious of any comrade who has suddenly become prosperous enough to have acquired more than one shirt. Perhaps they will even see dollars growing on "traitorous" vice-commissars.

But all of this has made for a certain amount of hysteria on our side too, and it has been decided to go slow.

Voices of Caution

In New York not long ago, anti-Communist bodies whose work is directed at the peoples of the Iron Curtain countries both through short-wave radio and on-the-spot contacts agreed to do nothing for the time being about organizing active undergrounds and prompting militant actions. The agreement includes the policies and programs of their main communication medium—Radio Free Europe.

The agreement was graphically re-

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ported by Edward R. Murrow in a CBS broadcast in which he said: "Henceforth, our psychological warfare will be merely to propagandize, to provide news, to strengthen the habit of listening to the West, but to take no overt or direct action of any kind against these Communist governments. In other words, we are going to lie low, and urge our friends to lie low until the proper time comes.

"This decision is being taken for two reasons. We tinkered around with a rudimentary underground apparatus in Czechoslovakia and Poland. Those Czechs and Poles involved in it were literally massacred.

"The second reason for deciding to lie low is that we are afraid of a horrible fiasco if we do encourage open revolt, and then, when that revolt comes, we do not assist it by active intervention but stand by and see it crushed. That sort of inaction would get us the same infamy the Russians got when they urged the people of Warsaw to rise, and then stood by and literally saw them slaughtered; the difference being that then the Russians could have done something about it, but now we could not."

General Bor's View

One man is perhaps more qualified than any other to answer the question of whether an underground behind the Iron Curtain could be effective now. His name is General Bor-Komorowski. During the last war he commanded the largest and best-organized underground army the world had known, the Polish Home Army, which was 350,000 strong and had the support of a completely organized secret state. When it sprang into action in the ill-fated Warsaw rising of 1944, it was able to fight powerful German forces for sixty-three days without outside help, although that help was badly needed and hoped for constantly.

Today General Bor-Komorowski lives in a London suburb. He has been to the United States recently, and here, as in Britain, he was asked the same question again and again: What about an underground now? His answer is still "No." Not long ago the General explained to me why he considers it wrong to try to organize an underground under the conditions prevailing now.

"An underground," he said, "can be fully effective and successful only if there exists a state of open warfare. Only in wartime can the people of a subjugated or occupied country consent to suffer all the sacrifices and the tremendous losses which a militant resistance movement entails. No underground can maintain with intensity the strain of heroic efforts over a long, protracted period. The hope and the

realistic possibility of an early liberation is necessary if the nation is to find the will power to endure the terrific strain. And the underground's work must always be co-ordinated with certain definite forthcoming military actions of its allies.

"In any case, no underground movement can be treated as an independent force capable of waging war on its own. At best it can only weaken the enemy, thus helping the advancing regular military force of its allies."

Disaster at Dieppe

The experiences of the last war confirm General Bor's judgment. The Allied landings in Normandy in June, 1944, were helped considerably by the co-ordinated role of the French Resistance, which for two weeks prior to the landing destroyed rail communications and highways to hinder the movement of reinforcements to Normandy. The Paris rising later that year was completely successful because the Resistance concentrated all its blows in the few days when the Allied armies were nearing the capital. On the other hand, the tragic Resistance action at Vercors in the Alps, in June, 1944, failed because it was premature, because the Resistance forces took over the territory at a time when it could not yet be reached and aided by outside military help. There was another tragic instance during the nine-hour Dieppe raid of 1942, when French underground men mistook the Canadian raid-in-force for a full-scale invasion. Coming into the open to fight the Germans at Dieppe, they were all captured and executed.

Organize Now?

Then I asked General Bor-Komorowski whether it might not at least be advisable to *organize* the underground now, so that it could be available and ready in case of war.

"The answer is 'No' again," the General replied. "Of course, many preparations could be made in the West for this kind of warfare, just as other operations are prepared. But if you mean that underground forces should be organized at present behind the Iron Curtain so as to be ready should war come, then I must say that this is hardly possible. To organize them with the aim of using them immediately for sabotage and other subversive activities could only bring disaster to the population involved without any real advantage to the West.

"Conditions today are different from those prevailing under the German occupation. The Germans found themselves unable to infiltrate our units. We knew all their stool pigeons and liquidated them before they could do much harm. The population supported us and was prepared to suffer the most savage reprisals. There was little risk of betrayal. It was war, with Germans on one side and Poles on the other, and the line was clearly drawn.

"Now all this has changed. The Soviet police system, developed to incredible dimensions, makes any conspiracy very difficult to start and to conceal from the innumerable secret agents who have infiltrated everywhere. These agents are Polish Communists and thus their task is easier.

"During the war many Allied agents were parachuted in Poland, and sometimes planes landed on secret airstrips. The chances for those on secret missions were good; four out of five survived. Today I don't believe the chances of survival would be higher than one out of five. The young men recruited for this—it would be easy to find many volunteers, for schoolboys dream of such adventures—would soon be liquidated, and with them probably their friends and relatives, who would be considered unreliable. In case of larger-scale sabotage and partisan activities the Russians would probably not hesitate to exterminate whole pop-

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ulations, as in the case of the Crimean Tartars and some Caucasian tribes at the end of the war.

"Under such circumstances I believe that any attempt to build up an underground power would result not only in failure but would jeopardize future possibilities of underground work in the event of war. The most valuable young people, who would constitute the strength and heroism of the Resistance movement, would by then be liquidated. I am afraid that it could even result in breaking down the very strong passive resistance which now exists and which is a constant source of trouble to the Communists. The Russians would probably welcome an active underground Resistance now, as it would bring to the attention of their agents the best elements of the subjugated peoples and make it easier to destroy them."

Are General Bor-Komorowski's views too pessimistic? I brought to his attention the stories told by some exiles, especially Ukrainians and Slovaks, about large-scale underground activities. These stories have been repeated by several Congressmen and members of the Administration as eloquent testimony of a vast current Resistance. If such resistance were possible in the Ukraine and Slovakia, I asked General Bor-Komorowski, why not encourage it elsewhere?

Where Are They Now?

He replied: "Immediately after the war and until 1947 or even 1948, there were in fact sizable partisan activities in different parts of eastern Europe, especially in Poland, in the Baltic States, in the Ukraine, and in the Polish eastern territories annexed by Russia and attached to the Ukrainian Soviet Republic. The units formed during the war were still armed and continued to fight.

"But little by little the Russian NKVD and the local security forces were able to liquidate those groups completely. Some remnants of the U.P.A., the Ukrainian Insurgent Army, fought their way through Czechoslovakia and Austria to the West. Today there are no units which could be called a real underground.

"Something else exists, but it hardly deserves this name. Individual anti-Communists, fleeing persecution, go into hiding in the forests or mountains, where they sometimes join up with fellow fugitives. Such groups are small, for they cannot survive when there are more than twenty in a group. They fight for their lives and make raids for food.

"Their nuisance value is, under the circumstances, negligible. When some of their countrymen in America vaunt their exploits and tell of the immense guerrilla warfare possibilities now existing, they exaggerate in the hope of deepening interest for their particular national cause. It seems to me that not much credence should be given to such stories."

By their everyday resistance to Sovietization, to the collectivization drive in the villages or to the output drive in the industries, by their go-slow tactics and other forms of passive resistance, the people behind the Iron Curtain are already helping the West. By making the Russians hesitate to attack because of the insecurity of their lines of communication, these people are aiding us most by giving us the time we need to organize a strong Atlantic defense.

The Price of Failure

But should groups in the satellite countries be incited now to large-scale underground operations, the result might be to cripple such passive resistance more effectively than it can be, under present conditions, by any Russian repressions.

Not only would the Communists be able to destroy the elements they fear most, but whole populations, exposed to terrible revenge and disappointed in their hopes, might turn against the West in bitter resentment. America would not be able to help them without going to war. And to drive them to active resistance without coming to their help would surely be a betrayal of the kind the Russians were guilty of in 1944 when they left the Poles in Warsaw to be destroyed by the Germans.

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General MacArthur And His Vanishing War History

JEROME FORREST and CLARKE H. KAWAKAMI

IN THE ISSUE *of August 19, 1952,* The Reporter *printed an article entitled "Heidelberg to Madrid—The Story of General Willoughby," an account of the career of Major General Charles A. Willoughby, General Douglas MacArthur's Chief of Intelligence from 1941 to 1951. The story included a brief account of the extraordinarily mysterious undertaking known in Tokyo as "The Great MacArthur Historical Project," which involved the compilation of an exhaustive but so far unpublished record of the activities of MacArthur's command between 1941 and 1948.*

Probably the most remarkable thing about this episode was General Willoughby's denial of any knowledge of an operation that had, according to all reliable reports, consumed much of the time and effort of a substantial part of his own G-2 staff for four years and had resulted in some million words of printed text.

Because of the silence maintained by both General MacArthur and Army officials in the Pentagon, we asked two historians who had worked on the project in Tokyo to provide us with a closeup view of it.—THE EDITORS.

AS TWO HISTORIANS who worked in General MacArthur's headquarters, we read with extreme interest *The Reporter's* description of "The Great MacArthur Historical Project." It was generally accurate and objective, and was the first detailed account of the subject to appear in the U.S. press. But given its brevity as well as the persistent mystery that has shrouded the MacArthur history, we feel that the American public is entitled to a fuller exposition of the facts.

In 1946 the G-2 Historical Division of General Headquarters in Tokyo began preparing, at General MacArthur's direction and under General Willoughby's personal supervision, a fully documented, exhaustive, and definitive history of the Second World War in the Southwest Pacific. By the close of 1950, after over four years of painstaking effort, the volumes—some million words of text, illustrated by over 350 multicolor maps and plates—were completed in page-proof form, ready for the presses.

Interestingly enough, the Japanese public knows a great deal more about the project than the American public does. Not long before the appearance of *The Reporter's* story, the widely read Japanese magazine *Chuo Koron* published an article called "Inside Story of General MacArthur's Pacific War History." Its author identified himself as a former Japanese member of the G-2 Historical Division but he discreetly wrote under a pseudonym.

The *Chuo Koron* story came out with the startling revelation that upon completion of the history, only five sets of the volumes had been run off, that the plates were then broken up and all other previous galley and manuscript copies destroyed, and that all five sets, as well as source materials, "were taken back to the United States by General Willoughby after the dismissal of General MacArthur."

Since neither of the present writers was still in Tokyo at that time, we cannot vouch for the truth of the *Chuo Koron* disclosures, though we have heard roughly the same report from other unofficial sources. In any event, such reports only emphasize the desirability of shedding further light on the whole project.

The MacArthur history, which was to have been four volumes but ended up as three, was begun in the early fall of 1946. Although the nominal editor in chief, General Willoughby, kept his office near MacArthur in the Dai Ichi Building, the various branches of the Historical Division were located some five blocks away in the NYK Building, an eight-story, square-block edifice which before the war had been the headquarters of the Nippon Yusen Kaisha, then one of the world's largest steamship lines.

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The precise size of the division at any given time is hard to pin down because it varied greatly. Starting modestly enough with a small corner of the NYK's third floor and a staff of twenty to twenty-five, it proceeded to expand, and by the beginning of 1949 it had pushed out of its corner and spread over virtually the entire floor. Its staff had grown to some one hundred persons—military and civilians, Japanese and American. This number came down as the history neared completion.

The entire staff—editors, writers, researchers, librarians, and draftsmen—did not, of course, devote its attention exclusively to the history, but by far the major part of its time and effort was so spent.

Manila to the *Missouri*

Volume I of the MacArthur history gave a complete account of the campaigns and strategy of the forces under General MacArthur's command. In fifteen eventful chapters, it covered the period from the first Japanese blows at Clark Field and Lingayen Gulf in the Philippines, through Melbourne, Port Moresby, Hollandia, Leyte, and Luzon. It went on to cover the American planning for the invasion of the Japanese mainland and the ringing finale of MacArthur's famous "The guns are silent" speech aboard the *Missouri* and the landing of General Robert L. Eichelberger's occupation vanguard at Atsugi Airfield southwest of Tokyo, near Yokohama.

The original title of Volume I, which *The Reporter* gave as *The Campaigns of MacArthur in the Pacific,* was later changed, rather abruptly, to *Allied Operations in the Southwest Pacific,* perhaps as a concession to modesty.

Volume II, *Japanese Operations Against MacArthur,* is the other side of the coin, or as one of the Japanese aptly put it, "the lining" of Volume I. Twenty-two chapters long, it is a carefully documented account of the Japanese strategy.

Volume III, *Occupation of Japan: Military Phase,* dealt with the execution of the military tasks assigned to the occupation forces—the demobilization and repatriation of the Japanese armed forces, the demilitarization of Japan, the trials of war criminals, and similar matters.

The massive three-volume MacArthur history should not be confused with the "Intelligence Series," which was also prepared by the G-2 Historical Division. These dozen-odd monographs, which General Willoughby told *The Reporter* were the only historical work undertaken by his staff, represented a comparatively minor effort and appeared only in mimeographed form. They were duly distributed to the Department of the Army; the MacArthur history was not.

Galley and page-proof printing of the volumes was handled on a contract basis by the well-equipped Dai Nippon Press, which turns out the English-language daily *Nippon Times* and the Japan editions of *Time* and *Newsweek.*

Pretty Pictures

Together, the three MacArthur volumes numbered about twelve hundred double-columned eight-by-twelve-inch pages (more than two thousand normal-size pages). They included operational maps covering every important battle and campaign, which in many respects were cartographic masterpieces. Among the Historical Division's drafting staff were a number of eminent Japanese illustrators. Given the best possible facilities, these artists produced a voluminous series of beautifully executed maps. Terrain contours, unit markings and strengths, battle movements, pertinent dates—all were faithfully depicted. Even without the narrative, these maps by themselves related a factual, cohesive, and dramatic story of the Southwest Pacific war.

Included in Volume II were about forty or fifty color plates portraying historical wartime scenes. Some of these were reproduced from a collection of paintings executed during the war by well-known Japanese artists, many of whom had traveled with the Imperial forces and had witnessed the scenes they sketched. One picture showed a gaunt General Wainwright anxiously discussing the surrender of Corregidor with General Homma; another showed a group of fanatic kamikaze pilots, their helmets adorned with the white silk kerchief signifying readiness for death, about to take off on a mission over Okinawa.

Other illustrations were specially commissioned, since General Willoughby would allow no mere photographs to mar the artistic quality of the work. An outstanding example was a painting depicting the last Imperial conference of the Emperor and top wartime leaders, at which the decision to surrender was made. To render this scene historically exact, several visits were arranged to the palace underground shelter where the fateful conference took place, and Imperial Household officials were carefully consulted on the most minute details of furniture arrangement, seating, dress, and lighting.

Shhhh!

Though the history had no security classification in the regular military sense, it was subjected to exaggerated security precautions. Any allusions to its existence that leaked back to the United States via American correspondents in Tokyo threw General Willoughby into a rage and made their authors henceforth extremely unpopular with G-2. Never a favorite of the press, Willoughby failed to realize that such tactics would inevitably lead newsmen to suspect that the history was being written as a glorification of General MacArthur.

During the final year of the project, security measures were reinforced to the point of absurdity. All possible devices were employed to conceal even from visiting official war historians—such as the Navy's distinguished Professor Samuel E. Morison, who already knew of the history—the very fact that the volumes were still in preparation.

Of the three volumes, Volume II was the most unusual and most valua-

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ble. The typical American theater-command history weaves into the account of Allied operations the barest essentials of the enemy side of the story. Willoughby, however, saw in the occupation setup a golden opportunity for a historical experiment. He conceived the idea of two companion volumes, the second of which would be exclusively devoted to Japanese operations, its authors not Americans writing from an American viewpoint, but qualified ex-officers of the Japanese Army and Navy.

From a historian's point of view, General Willoughby's idea was highly laudable, but he deserves additional praise for braving the risks inherent in letting the Japanese tell their own story fully and frankly. There was always the possibility that some of the facts brought to light might point to errors of strategy or puffed-up claims on the part of MacArthur's command.

There were times when "Prince Charlie"—as the General was tagged throughout General Headquarters—must have questioned the wisdom of his gamble: for instance, when the account came to be written of the Bismarck Sea battle in March 1943, between a Japanese troop convoy en route to reinforce New Guinea and an Allied force consisting of the Royal Australian Air Force and the U.S. Fifth Air Force. MacArthur's communiqués of the period had claimed the sinking of twenty-two ships with the loss of fifteen thousand Japanese troops.

The Japanese, however, came up with a different story. In the first place, they reported, the convoy had consisted of no more than sixteen ships all told, of which only twelve—eight transports and four destroyers—had been sunk. Secondly, the convoy had carried only seven thousand troops, of whom more than half had been picked up and taken to safety.

The Japanese story was double- and triple-checked, but the evidence of original convoy orders and documents, as well as corroborating accounts of living eyewitnesses, proved incontrovertible. In the end, Willoughby reluctantly conceded that the Japanese version must be correct.

The Brass Hats

For their part, the Japanese ex-officers were only too eager to explain how and why they had lost the war. As one of them stated in the *Chuo Koron* article, "despite Japan's defeat, nay, *just because she had been defeated,* it was vital to preserve the history of the Japanese war operations for posterity."

To carry out his novel idea, Willoughby took into the Historical Division a high-powered group of more than fifteen Japanese officers, whose former ranks ranged from lieutenant general down to captain and from rear admiral down to commander. Virtually all had been staff officers on the Imperial General Headquarters or General Staff level; many had also served on various army commands whose operations fell within the scope of the history.

Top members of the army group were Lieutenant Generals Seizo Arisue, former Army Intelligence Chief in Imperial General Headquarters, and Torashiro Kawabe, Deputy Chief of Army General Staff during the last months of the war and head of the Japanese surrender mission to Manila in August, 1945.

Neither Arisue nor Kawabe, when they first met General Willoughby after the surrender, was able to converse in English. This was no great obstacle, because both spoke passable German —Willoughby's mother tongue. Arisue, a dapper, hail-fellow-well-met type, soon picked up a rough-and-ready brand of American. Kawabe, a gruff, stern-faced officer of the old school, stuck to German.

Arisue and Kawabe were high-level consultants who sat in on all editorial conferences of the Japanese group but had no chapter-writing assignments. Below them in the army section were several colonels, lieutenant colonels, and majors, who bore the real burden of detailed research. One of them deserves special mention.

Colonel Takushiro Hattori, a favorite of General Willoughby, was a key official of the First (army) Demobilization Bureau, where he headed the Statistics and Reports Section. Throughout the war, he had served within the Army High Command, much of the time as chief of the Operations Branch of the General Staff and the rest as military secretary to General Hideki Tojo. He was the group's foremost authority on central war planning.

Behind a smiling, soft-spoken, and somewhat boyish exterior, Hattori gave evidence of a sharp and penetrating mind, coupled with a reserve that sometimes approached secretiveness. It was evident that he had unspoken ambitions that went far beyond the mere writing of history. The nature of these ambitions was brought to light by Hessell Tiltman's "Japan: New Guns for an Old Enemy," in the July 22, 1952, issue of *The Reporter,* where this officer was mentioned as the central figure in the so-called Hattori Plan for Japanese rearmament.

On the navy side, the ranking member of the Japanese historical group was Rear Admiral K. Nakamura, a distinguished staff officer, who had "welcomed" MacArthur as official navy representative at Atsugi Airfield and had then served as Japanese Navy liaison officer with SCAP.

The most colorful and best-informed of the naval officers was Captain Toshikazu Ohmae. His pre-Pearl Harbor duties had made him an expert on the United States Navy, and during the hostilities he had a direct or indirect part in almost every major fleet operation.

Ohmae, who held something of a record for the number of ships that had been sunk under him in battle, used to clump down the corridors of Tokyo's NYK Building as if he were pacing the bridge of a destroyer in heavy weather. When in his cups, he would point a finger at his own nose and say, "I am Japanese Navy's No. 1 thinker, No. 1 drinker, No. 1 sinker!"

A Woman's Wiles

Though unquestionably competent in the fields of military and naval operations, these officers knew little about how to organize and write a military history. So over them Willoughby installed as Japanese Chief Editor a

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former economics professor of Tokyo Imperial University and exchange lecturer in Germany, Dr. Mitsutaro Araki. Araki, however, was head in name only and took his cues from his sophisticated, ambitious, and politically minded wife, Mitsuko.

Mrs. Araki was an extraordinary and intriguing person. Daughter of a famous Japanese painter and herself a sculptress, she had all the gentility and graciousness for which high-born Japanese women are renowned. In addition, wide travel had given her cosmopolitan ease and fluency in several foreign languages, including German and French. Unlike the typical Japanese woman, she exhibited a hard sense of self-interest and a Machiavellian fondness for political machination. So adept was she at gaining her ends that the Japanese privately dubbed her Yodogimi, after a famous concubine who by charm and guile swayed to her will the sixteenth-century warrior-statesman Hideyoshi.

The recent *Chuo Koron* article mentioned rumors current during the historical project that during the war Mrs. Araki had been close to the Tojo clique and to high Nazi circles in Tokyo. If these were true, Mrs. Araki certainly executed a rapid and highly successful about-face after the arrival of the occupation forces. She became a confidante of General Willoughby and was given ready access to his office in the Dai Ichi Headquarters. Assigned a private office of her own in the NYK Building, she had exclusive charge of all art work for the Japanese history, subject only to the General's orders. She was also entrusted with general liaison and cost negotiations with the Dai Nippon printing plant.

Just Like the Good Old Days

The NYK Building was probably the only official installation in Japan where the Japanese military enjoyed a taste of their former honors and prerogatives. Lieutenant stood at respectful attention before captain, and captain before colonel. Any remark addressed to the two generals or to the single admiral in the group was prefaced by the honorific *Kakka*—"Excellency." Even the American personnel were required by official order to accord the Japanese their former military titles in all daily contacts.

Although this high-powered group was allowed to write the history of the Japanese operations strictly from the Japanese point of view, close American supervision was essential to ensure complete accuracy and intelligibility, and to guard against propagandizing. So, in addition to the Japanese group, there was an American editorial staff numbering at its peak twelve U.S. Army civilians and officers, including a bilingual chief editor and subeditors assisted by six Army linguists. Pure translation work, which was naturally voluminous, was handled by the huge G-2 Translator and Interpreter Service, the language center for all of SCAP.

Inevitably, instances arose in which Japanese accounts did not appear to correspond with the facts supplied by Japanese documents. The American editor then had the deciding voice, although the Japanese could always appeal his decision to General Willoughby. Willoughby, though always anxious to preserve "the Japanese flavor," upheld the American side when the facts were on the table.

The Old Army-Navy Game

The editors soon found their task complicated by the same bitter interservice schisms among the Japanese that had plagued the Allied and U.S. commands. The Japanese Army and Navy, as well as their respective air forces, had often been at loggerheads before Pearl Harbor, and the conflict continued throughout the war. As the initial victories gave way to defeats, the rift between the services deepened.

The army and navy, in fact, had launched hostilities with fundamentally opposed concepts. The army looked westward, toward consolidating an impregnable continental position in Asia, with a possible juncture of Japanese and Nazi forces in the area of India. The navy, on the contrary, fixed its gaze toward the east. The key to victory, according to navy strategists, lay in aggressive extension of the Japanese perimeter in the Pacific so as to keep the U.S. Navy at bay. The Pearl Harbor attack itself was exclusively a navy idea.

Naturally, the conflicts that had divided the two services during the war

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continued to divide them when the time came for post-mortems. For the most part, Japanese ex-army officers worked in one room of the Historical Division, ex-navy officers in another. At mealtimes in the NYK mess, army colonels generally gravitated toward one end of the dining hall, navy captains toward the other. In the course of chronicling the early war events, the navy constantly tried to pin the blame on the army for pulling it into a war for which Japan was ill prepared. The army, in turn, derided the navy for trying to hide behind a mask of cherubic innocence.

This microcosm of military machinations and jealousies was amusing to watch, but the cleavage of interests also served as a very valuable checking device. The version of a campaign or a piece of strategy put forth by one group would be carefully screened by the other. In the course of the ensuing argument, with some judicious refereeing by the American editors to keep noses in place, a generally objective account could be hammered out.

Cutting the Red Tape

The greatest problem to be overcome in preparing the Japanese history was that of documentation. General Willoughby made available to the Japanese group all the wartime Japanese documentary material that had come into American possession. This material helped the Japanese to fill in important gaps in their own documentation. There were many such gaps. Army commands in the field had generally burned or buried their records. Many valuable naval documents had gone to the bottom on Japanese warships. A large portion of the top-secret orders, plans, and estimates of the Army and Navy High Commands in Japan had been willfully destroyed between the surrender and the entry of Allied occupation forces, in violation of a SCAP directive.

This problem would have been insurmountable but for Willoughby's Japanese historical group and its direct pipeline into the Demobilization Bureaus which supplanted Japan's former War and Navy Ministries. These bureaus, by a SCAP directive, had been given, in addition to other tasks, the job of preparing a series of monographs covering Japanese Army and Navy operations in all their theaters of war. Whatever wartime source documents the Demobilization Bureaus uncovered automatically became available to the historical group.

To obtain further information, the Demobilization Bureaus were able to summon to the NYK Building—even from remote corners of Japan—any former field commander or naval officer who was known to have special knowledge of a particular operation. A number of high military and government leaders incarcerated in Sugamo Prison as war criminals were also interrogated by special SCAP authorization.

In 1949, when well over half of the Japanese history had already been written, the Historical Section suddenly acquired an almost complete file of Imperial General Headquarters army orders and directives from 1937 through August, 1945, all copies of which had supposedly been destroyed at the surrender. Other documents included secret Foreign Office dispatch files, Home Ministry and Thought Police reports, and official records of Imperial conferences. Some were the only copies in existence.

An Irreplaceable Document

If Volume II of the MacArthur history should never see the light and its unique collection of source material should be lost to historians, there are many reasons why the effort could not be duplicated. Several key figures are now dead. With Japan again in possession of full sovereignty, it would no longer be possible to obtain official documents and statements. It would also be far more difficult to check the accuracy of such material as the Japanese might proffer of their own accord.

The MacArthur history could bring new light to bear on many events still clouded by controversy, such as the great Leyte Gulf battle, the air-sea epic in the Bismarck Sea, and the background of the U.S. decision to invade Luzon rather than Formosa. It would also help to answer many outstanding questions on wartime policy planning: the effect of the unconditional-surrender doctrine; the relative roles in Japan's surrender played by the atom bomb, Russia's entry into the war, strategic bombing, and sea blockade; the titanic struggle within the Japanese Cabinet, the military high command, and the Imperial house over acceptance of the Potsdam Declaration; the true strength of the Japanese forces available to defend the home islands if the Allies had followed through with their invasion plan.

Even more important in certain respects, the history could be useful to future planning. The United States is attempting the complex and difficult task of building a new security system in the Pacific in which a revitalized Japan will necessarily play a major role. The MacArthur history could prove extremely helpful to our planners and policymakers in providing a broader understanding of Japanese trends of thought and in bringing a deeper insight into Japan's key personalities and internal organizations.

General MacArthur fathered the project and gave it his fullest blessing right through to completion. General Willoughby worked hard and faithfully, giving it unqualified support. Both men ought to have every interest in the early publication of the three volumes as an official history. The editors and writers would rejoice to see at last the fruit of their long and laborious effort put before the public.

The MacArthur History—Found?

After reading the above account, one of the editors of The Reporter *paid a visit to the Pentagon to ask some questions that only the Department of the Army could answer:*

How was it that the three volumes of

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the massive history—which must be considered government property—had not been turned over or even made available to the Department of the Army or any other agency of the U.S. government? Why had these volumes, prepared as an official project of MacArthur's headquarters at great cost to the American taxpayer, still not been published two years after their completion? What efforts, if any, had the Department of the Army made to obtain one of the four or five sets of the history that were reportedly shipped back to the United States with General MacArthur's luggage?

The Pentagon officials, although they admitted that they had known all along about "The Great MacArthur Historical Project," confirmed the rumor that they had never received a set of the three-volume work. The volumes and the valuable collection of supporting documents, they agreed, were certainly government property.

Yet, in its efforts to get hold of the MacArthur history, the Army, it appeared, had not been remiss. It had been—as so often where General MacArthur was concerned—simply too diffident. Unsuccessful efforts had in fact been made to obtain a set of the three volumes, or at least some reliable information about them. The official explanation was that certain "explorations" had been made. The first explorer was General Harry J. Malony, Chief of the Army's Historical Division from July 12, 1946, to March 13, 1949, who directed certain inquiries to General Willoughby about the history. His successor, General Orlando Ward, entered into a similar correspondence in 1951 with Colonel Laurence Bunker, one of MacArthur's aides and contacts with the outer world during his early period of retirement at the Waldorf Towers. Neither effort was particularly successful. General Willoughby took the very firm position with General Malony that the so-called history was actually a personal memoir and therefore not subject to Army jurisdiction. Colonel Bunker's reply did not even indicate that he had informed his chief of the Army's concern over the history.

Whether the Army and the U.S. government will finally obtain a set of the history, on either their own or MacArthur's terms, remains in doubt. Very recently, just a couple of weeks after The Reporter's *first account of the affair, the problem was taken up for the first time at a higher echelon. The Adjutant General's Office of the Department of the Army dispatched a letter to General MacArthur explaining that in the Army's viewpoint the history was actually an official history and therefore government property, and requesting that the General make it available to the Army. As this story goes to press, the Army has received no reply from General MacArthur.*

—THE EDITORS

Some Dixiecrats Who Like Ike

GEORGE McMILLAN

THERE IS a county in South Carolina which did not cast a single Republican vote in the last national election, probably will not cast a Republican vote in the forthcoming national election, but may nevertheless show a majority for Eisenhower—as an "Independent."

It is McCormick County, a political jurisdiction formed in 1916 from Edgefield County, and the home of J. Strom Thurmond, 1948 Dixiecrat candidate for President. McCormick lies just south of South Carolina's Great Divide between Upcountry and Low Country, voting "Low" with its godparent and trying valiantly to maintain a Black Belt economy in a land that is hilly. McCormick is not really fit for the cotton economy. When the New Deal came along in 1933, nearly a quarter of the county's 235,000 acres was either in the hands of tax collectors or so badly eroded that it was worthless. The government then charitably bought the clay hills and put them into the Sumter National Forest. But those who managed to hold onto their land kept right on planting cotton, as they are doing today.

The Indecision of Mrs. Foreman

McCormick, thin and narrow, lies along the upper reaches of the muddy Savannah River. It is crossed on its longest axis by one highway, and the other day I found myself driving along it, northward from Augusta, Georgia, to the point where the highway crosses the Savannah and enters South Carolina and the southern tip of McCormick. The highway's black tar surface has been given a red tinge by the farmers' cars and trucks that have carried clay with them down from the hills.

At Clarks Hill, the first hamlet, Mrs. Ray Foreman has opened a new craft shop to satisfy the demand for souvenirs from people visting the new Clarks Hill Dam, a 76-million-dollar concrete-and-earth monolith built by the Army Engineers to harness the Savannah just above its fall line.

"Oh, you want to talk politics," Mrs. Foreman said, hoisting her small daughter onto the counter. "Yes," she said, "people are talking some about voting Republican, but I don't know whether they'll venture out. People around here just don't like Truman. But they've all been raised Democrats. My sister said to me not long ago: 'Mommy and Daddy'll turn over in their graves, but I'm gonna vote Republican.' We were always told to stick to the Democratic doctrine, and not

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ever to go against it. I don't know . . ."

She patted out the wrinkles in the child's dress. "I'll tell you the truth, I've been just thinking about what damage the Republicans could do to the dam. They can't tear it down, for it's already built. There's only one thing left to go, and that's the powerhouse. Do you think they'd not build just that much of it that's left to be done? That's the trouble. Lots of people don't like Truman but are afraid of the Republicans.

"Well, I haven't helped you much," she said cheerfully. "You'd best go on up to Modoc and talk around the store some. Don't run by it, now," she warned me. "It's not much of a town."

World Enough and Time

Modoc's name, I learned from a guidebook, derives from a tribe of Oregon Indians and was given to the town by the railroad because its settlers were as recalcitrant in land negotiations as the Indian tribe, several thousand miles away, was at that time proving to be in negotiations with the U.S. government. It is today just about what Mrs. Foreman said it was, and the place I chose to make my inquiries is the kind of store that local people call a "rabbit box." It was marked McDaniel's Store.

Three men were in the dark, littered cavern when I entered. One, a salesman, stood over an open order book; another, obviously Mr. McDaniel, had propped himself against a shelf with his feet planted at the top edge of a counter; a third young man wandered aimlessly about the store as Mr. McDaniel and the salesman talked, looked questioningly at me for a moment, and then turned away when I told him I could wait. He hoisted himself up to sit on the Coke box at the front of the store.

The salesman was trying to sell a case of tomato juice. "You'll find it a little less spicy than what you've been selling. Some people get a rising in their stomachs from food that's too spicy."

"Some people," said Mr. McDaniel laconically, "can't eat sweets." He was wearing a long-billed tan gabardine cap and a dirty khaki shirt tucked into bleached khaki trousers.

"Well," the salesman asked, with an effort at sprightliness, "how you stocked on lard?"

Mr. McDaniel took his feet down, walked around the dusty counter, threaded his way across the floor, and lifted off two boxes of toilet paper to reveal a fifteen-pound can of lard, its top smashed in on one side.

"Cartoons," said Mr. McDaniel, "is a big thing these days. Now that," he pointed to the can, "isn't what I'd call much of a thing to sell something in."

The salesman looked at me and smiled nervously.

"What am I going to do with a smashed can?" asked Mr. McDaniel, running his hand along the dent.

The salesman said nothing. "I could 'a sold it if it hadn't been smashed," said Mr. McDaniel, looking narrowly at the salesman. "To one of my best customers."

The salesman, still keeping his silence, was now looking out the back window of the store.

"But the man wouldn't take it without the cartoon was good," Mr. McDaniel persisted.

The salesman turned back, looked down at his order book, and began to riffle through the pages.

"Well, I guess I'm stuck with it," said Mr. McDaniel resignedly. "But I want to tell you that prices is so high these days people want to use the cartoons. You'd better start sellin' things in better cartoons."

The salesman closed his order book, attempted a hearty good-by, and went out the screen door.

"Vote?" asked Mr. McDaniel angrily when I introduced myself. "The guvamint already knows too much about us these days. I guess I just wouldn't know how I'm gonna vote. As for other people around here, lots of 'em say they're gonna vote Republican."

A woman in a blue cotton dress came in and shuffled about the counter. Mr. McDaniel's assistant offered to wait on her, but Mr. McDaniel himself said "Mawnin' " and stepped forward.

After long and hesitant negotiations, she bought several articles. Just as she was leaving she spoke to the aimless boy. "Are you much at fixin' tires?"

"I'm not much hand at that," the boy answered. "John does the tire work. Anyways, *some* of us will fix it tonight."

"Oh, that's all right," she said touchily, as if she were somehow offended by the mention of time.

"You don't need it?" he said wonderingly.

"Not real soon," she said in a tone so languid that it left an inference of endless time, stretching around her, around the boy, the store, Mr. McDaniel, and all of Modoc.

A Visit with Mr. Stone

A few miles up the highway I turned in at the sight of a weathered two-story mansion standing in shabby grandeur above the outbuildings that were crumbling around it. I drove through deep ruts past the house and into the back yard. When I stopped the motor, a heavy silence fell. I sat un-

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easily in this silence for a few minutes until a lank figure appeared from behind what looked like the wreckage of a truck.

"I'm T. J. Stone," the man said. "I'm living without womenfolks, so you'll have to excuse my looks." The sleeves of his khaki shirt hung by threads, and his trousers had horizontal slits at the knees which almost encompassed his legs. It looked as if a strong breeze would leave him sleeveless and in shorts.

"Oh, I guess I might vote," he said rather pompously when I told him my business. "That is, if I'm around here."

"Are you new here?" I asked.

"No, no," he laughed. "I was born right back there, just across the branch."

Across the yard there was hammering, and I saw two young Negroes pounding at an old barn. "They're tearin' it down," said Mr. Stone. "I can't keep it up, so I just sold it to 'em for lumber." His tone changed from lassitude to pride. "Now you know, there's some fine forest pine in that building. Lots of that wood's lightwood."

He snickered and lowered his voice. "I tried to sell those same niggers this truck." He pointed at the hoodless conglomeration of rust. "But the goddamned thing wouldn't start. Any ways," he said casually, almost indifferently, "I wouldn't know what the ceiling was on a truck like this, after I built this fine body myself.

"Yes, I did a good job on this body," he said in a warmer tone. "My wife nagged me to fix it up when niggers got scarce. She used to tell me when I was building it, 'Now you won't have to wait for no nigger to go out and get wood.' "

At first Mr. Stone was reluctant to show me his house, which had been deeded to him by his mother. He did tell me several stories about the "balls and parties" that had once taken place in it. "Plaster's all cracked now," he said. "Been so since the Charleston earthquake. No house like it any more, though. It's got twelve-foot ceilings. All made of forest pine."

The house, when Mr. Stone finally led me into it, looked as if it had not been tidied in the decades that had passed since the earthquake, which occurred in 1886. Flakes of paint hung from the high ceiling in the center

hall, the only room Mr. Stone showed me besides the one he slept in. All the other doors were sealed. "Just junk back there," he said. As for his own room, he explained: "Summertime a fella doesn't necessarily need to make his bed. He can just lay across it."

He followed me back to my car, and as I started to leave, he leaned against the door to let me know he hadn't forgotten the purpose of my visit.

"I don't have much time for politics," he said. "That's why I couldn't help you much on that. If you was to ask me when I voted last, I'd tell you the honest truth if I said I couldn't remember."

The Hoover Hog

Directly across the highway from Mr. Stone's house runs the main—and the only—line of the Charleston & Western Carolina Railroad. On the tracks was a handcar on which four Negro men sat eating their lunch. In front of them and at some distance, under a clump of pine trees, sat a white man in overalls.

This was E. H. Parks, who told me he had been a section foreman for sixteen years. At his feet were the tin cans out of which he had eaten.

"I don't take much hand in politics," Mr. Parks said. "Go on up to Parksville and talk with Judge Brunson, the magistrate. He does the talkin' for us around here."

Judge Brunson was not hard to find in Parksville, another cluster of stores situated just a few miles above Modoc. His office is a weathered brick building with a corrugated awning. It had once been a store, but its shelves were empty except for the Judge's records, which lay about in disorder.

We sat on a bench out under the awning, the Judge at a suspicious distance. He was a thin, wiry man of about sixty, with gray, unshaven bristle on his face. "How about talking politics, Judge?" I asked.

He suddenly sprang up, put his foot on the bench, and began to pound the window ledge behind my head.

"If a feller came up and asked *me* who *I* was going to vote for," he cried out for all of Parksville to hear, although the block-long street was empty, "why, I'd tell him it was none of *his* damned business."

As quickly as he had risen, he subsided. "I used to farm," he said in a more relaxed and reminiscent mood, "but the niggers weaned me away from it. Who can farm and pay six dollars a day for a nigger to stand behind a plow? If you want to know about farming, you go on up the road to Plum Branch and see the Bracknells. They've got the machines it takes these days."

I rose to leave, but instead of taking my hand he began pounding on the window ledge again and apostrophizing his imagined audience.

"When my mind," he started, speaking the words slowly, hitting his fist against the ledge with each word, "I say when my mind . . . when my mind goes back . . . when my mind goes back to that old Hoover . . . and to that old Coolidge . . . and to that old Harding . . ."

He braked his arm, and spoke more softly. "I had a hog worth two hundred and fifty dollars when old Hoover was in Washington. I tried to sell that hog. I couldn't sell that hog. That two-hundred-and-fifty-dollar hog."

Then he made a quick turn to face outward toward the street, and raised his arms.

"What," he cried, "did I finally have

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to sell that Hoover hog for? Not two hundred and fifty dollars! No! Fifteen dollars! And I," he continued, glancing quickly toward me, "well, I'll be god-damned if I'll ever vote for a Republican, no matter what ticket he's on in South Carolina."

Seats of the Mighty

Plum Branch sits on a slight knoll above the railroad tracks, only a few cotton-fields distant from Parksville. In the sun its buildings looked two-dimensional. All bore in tall letters the word BRACKNELL.

As I stopped in front of one of the stores a man in his late thirties was talking pleasantly to a group of young Negro men.

"Yes," he said, turning to me, "I'm a scrubby Bracknell." He invited me into the store and told me he was J. W. Bracknell, son of the owner-founder of the business.

"Anybody but a lazy man can farm," he said. "We've got about six hundred acres under cultivation out of how many I can't just say. Probably several thousand.

"I think this county is going for Stevenson. And I myself am inclined to think, well, that things aren't so bad in Washington as people around the depot say. I wish, though, that you wouldn't talk to a fella like me about it. I'm a farmer. Now the fella you should see is Fred Buzhardt up in McCormick. He's got the know-how on politics in McCormick County. He's the county attorney and he's also chairman of the county Democratic committee. Why don't you go up and see if he agrees with me?"

On the outskirts of the town of McCormick stands the new Deering-Milliken woolen mill, whose six hundred employees are not organized in a union. This handsome, air-conditioned group of low, symmetrical cream-brick rectangles was displayed in full color in a recent issue of *Time* to illustrate a story on the New South. I wanted to stop at the mill, but pushed on to find Mr. Buzhardt.

His office is a small brick building a short distance from the county courthouse. The door is marked THURMOND AND BUZHARDT. Mr. Buzhardt is a medium-sized, rather dapper middle-aged man, with a soft face dominated by a pair of heavy-rimmed tortoise-shell glasses. He gave me an easy, friendly smile and asked me to be seated.

"Strom Thurmond used to be my law partner before he went on the bench in '37, and I've never taken his name off the door," Mr. Buzhardt explained. "We did pretty well by Strom here in the last Presidential election. My recollection is there were about seven hundred votes cast, all for Thurmond, except thirty-seven for Truman. We know the names," he smiled again, "of those thirty-seven people."

As chairman of the party in a county where politics is monolithic, a man like Mr. Buzhardt is likely to be not so much a boss as a sort of resident commissioner of politics. In South Carolina, where issues are often obscured by personalities, where friends and neighbors are more important to a candidate than what he stands for, the county chairman of the Democratic Party is often able to play the role of a detached observer whose main task in local elections is to enforce orthodoxy rather than to choose between candidates. I knew that Mr. Buzhardt probably could, if he wished, speak with unchallenged authority about politics in McCormick County.

A tall, thin man in shirtsleeves and galluses had given me a cautious smile in the waiting room, and Mr. Buzhardt now called him and introduced him as Mr. G. J. Sanders, president of the local Dorn Banking Company. "Maybe Mr. Sanders can help us talk this thing out," Mr. Buzhardt said.

"Now," Mr. Buzhardt started, giving both Sanders and myself an encouraging, friendly look, "I think we can say that there is a lot of Eisenhower sentiment in McCormick County. You know, people all over the state are circulating petitions to get Eisenhower placed on the ballot as an Independent. And he'll be there, no doubt about it. Wouldn't you say so, Mr. Sanders?"

"Yes," said Mr. Sanders, "no doubt about it."

"How is *your* petition for General Eisenhower coming along?" Mr. Buzhardt asked Mr. Sanders.

"Fine, fine," said Mr. Sanders.

"Well," said Mr. Buzhardt, leaning back in his chair, fingering a ruler as he talked, "you might as well know that this is one of the harshest anti-Truman counties in South Carolina. We just don't like him, and I'll tell you why: because we here in McCormick County don't like to think there are a bunch of thieves in Washington.

"You want to know something about the county. All right. Now, Mr. Sanders, you check me if I'm wrong. We've got about two thousand registered voters out of a population of eighty-five hundred people. That seven hundred figure for last time would hold true for most general elections. About one-third vote. Of course more vote in the primaries.

"If we can hold the vote down this time, Eisenhower will carry the county. Now don't misunderstand me. There isn't going to be a single Republican vote in McCormick this time, just as there wasn't last time. In fact, I think you could say that there'll be fewer Republican votes in South Carolina than there ever were, for the Republicans will see the wisdom of voting for Eisenhower as an Independent.

"Would you agree with me, Mr. Sanders?" Mr. Buzhardt asked.

"I think you're right," said Mr. Sanders.

Pretty Sound on Civil Rights

"Stevenson," Mr. Buzhardt continued, "has already gone haywire on a couple of big issues like tidelands oil. And here in McCormick County he

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doesn't need to make up to us by his stand on civil rights.

"On that we feel we're pretty sound. McCormick County is the only county in South Carolina today that still doesn't have one registered colored voter. And I might add that none has offered himself at the polls.

"Now, Mr. Sanders, what would you say was the proportion of colored people in the county?" asked Mr. Buzhardt.

"Oh, I'd say about sixty per cent."

"How do the people in the mill vote?" I asked.

"They don't like Truman any more than I do," Mr. Buzhardt answered, smiling confidently.

"Will the dam make much difference in the county?" I asked.

"I don't think so," said Mr Buzhardt. "About the only thing is, people are still mad at the government for taking their land to flood."

Mr. Sanders threw a blue-jacketed legal document on the desk, and Mr. Buzhardt rose to show that the subject of politics was exhausted.

Before I left town, I stopped in at a restaurant. Two or three of the booths were occupied by millworkers in clean dungarees and cotton dresses. They sat quietly, making no effort to talk above the high whine of "country" music on the juke box. I asked the waitress, when she took my order, if people were doing much talking about politics.

"Not much," she answered. "Mostly they're talking about fishing."

Birth Of a Salesman

RICHARD DONOVAN

Los Angeles

When Southern California gave Senator Richard Nixon to the nation, so to speak, most of his constituents thought he was famous. We all knew him; we'd read all about the Hiss case. But over the mountains to the east, they didn't know him so well. Or so it has seemed from the volume of Nixon biographical material carried by national magazines since he became General Eisenhower's running mate.

As one of Senator Nixon's constituents, I have scrutinized much of this material to see what kind of information outsiders were getting. By early journalistic agreement, the Senator appeared as young (thirty-nine), serious-minded, fast-moving, hard-working, abstemious, honest, poor, bright, ambitious, free of alliances, forward-looking, a "fighting campaigner," a relentless investigator, an individualfirster, a birthright Quaker, and a father of two.

All this was instructive and, we felt, sufficient. But the magazines seemed more anxious than ever to explain Nixon. In an "intimate" story told to Joe Alex Morris by his wife, Patricia Ryan Nixon, the *Saturday Evening Post* undertook to reveal the human side of the Republican candidate in a piece entitled "I Say He's a Wonderful Guy." This story told how Nixon had been "mercilessly heckled by our left-wing foes" in his Senatorial campaign, how Mrs. Nixon and her husband had risked their savings to start him in politics six years ago, and were once so broke Pat wept because she couldn't buy stamps, and what it was like being married to a crusader, helping her husband rise from obscurity to the G.O.P. Vice-Presidential candidacy, and bring up two kids at the same time.

That done, *Look* magazine next took up the explanation in a piece by Victor Lasky, entitled "Why Nixon Was Nominated." Lasky assumed an aggressive tone from the start, as though he anticipated contradiction. He stressed Nixon's youth appeal, and said he favored " 'a return to individual freedom and all that initiative can produce.' " Then he said: "It may surprise the *Daily Worker* that Nixon, 'the tool of Wall Street,' has no income besides his salary."

Well, to be frank with Mr. Lasky, that last is the kind of statement which can only bring unsolicited local contributions into the already overcrowded national Nixon-explanation series, for it greatly surprises many of the Senator's constituents, too.

The Wealthy Well-Wishers

I'm sure, for instance, that Dana Smith, an able, articulate, well-to-do, and extremely personable Pasadena attorney, was surprised. In the months between Richard Nixon's election to the Senate and his nomination as Vice-President, Smith has dispensed more than $18,000 in personal expense money to the Senator from a large group of his wealthy

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well-wishers in the Los Angeles area. He said so on September 15, when I visited him in his office, together with two colleagues from the Los Angeles *Daily News* and the New York *Post*. Recalling our conversation, it seems not only a hasty but an ungrateful thing that Victor Lasky wrote about the Nixon income.

Smith, a resoundingly successful tax lawyer and a man of the widest acquaintance among corporation-management officials in Southern California, was glad to talk to us about the Senator. He had helped persuade Nixon to run for that body, for one thing, and then had handled most of Nixon's campaign finances. Smith had left most of the strategy to others because, as he explained, he was no politician, or even a competent political adviser, but only a private citizen who saw that "The one way to get good government in this country was to line up local people who had no interest in personal gain to take an active part in electing their candidates, and in supporting them after elections."

Smith had had a little previous political experience, of course. In 1948 he had helped gather a few people—Pasadena attorneys Stanley Mullin and David Saunders, Tom Pike of the Pike Drilling Company, Tyler Woodward of the Southern California Petroleum Corporation, Bob and George Rowan, who are in the real-estate and insurance business, Elwood Robinson, a Los Angeles advertising man, and some others—into a group that had backed Stassen, to no avail. By 1950, the Stassen Volunteers had had ample time to evaluate Congressman Richard Nixon, who had not only proved himself a spectacular personality but who also had a "sound" voting record and seemed to have a grasp of original American political and economic principles, among which, said Smith, are constitutional government (Congress, not the President, makes the laws) and the free-enterprise system.

'Did Just What We Wanted'

For years, Smith explained, the government had been selling centralized control of all phases of American life so loudly and tirelessly that the individualists had been unable to get a word in and so had been rendered impotent at the polls. "Our thinking," said Smith, "was that we had to fight selling with selling, and for that job Dick Nixon seemed to be the best salesman against socialization available. That's his gift, really—salesmanship.

"But before we could ask a young man with no financial security to risk his career on such a doubtful project as beating Sheridan Downey," Smith went on, "we had to reflect on whether it was worth it to him and to us." (Downey was California's Democratic Senatorial incumbent who retired from the 1950 race before the selection of Helen Douglas in the primaries.) "Finally," said Smith, "we urged Nixon to run for two reasons: He was a Republican with a chance to win, and he was a proved believer in free enterprise."

Someone asked whether Governor Warren did not also have those qualifications.

"Frankly," Smith said, "Warren has too much of the other point of view, and he never has gone out selling the free-enterprise system. But Dick did just what we wanted him to."

What Nixon did, or had done for him, in his 1950 campaign against Helen Douglas was pretty much what he did, or had done for him, in his first (1946) campaign for Representative from California's Twelfth Congressional District. Since most of the recent magazine stories about Nixon have brushed over both campaigns in a sentence or two, perhaps they should be reviewed briefly here.

The Smearing of Voorhis

In 1946, the "Had enough? Vote Republican" year which gave McCarthy, Jenner, Cain, Kem, Bricker, Malone, and Watkins to the Senate, Nixon's opponent was a New Deal Congressman, Jerry Voorhis. Voorhis, the son of a millionaire father, was a ten-year incumbent whose record had caused Washington correspondents to call him "the best Congressman west of the Mississippi," and caused California bankers and oilmen to call him the worst. (Voorhis had voted for Federal control of the tidelands, and had initiated legislation that curtailed the profits of banks dealing in government bonds.)

Sizing up the situation, Nixon, who was picked for Republican nominee by the now famous Whittier, California, "Committee of 100," displayed an understanding of practical politics rare in a neophyte.

In a two-month campaign, hundreds of Twelfth District voters received phone calls from people who refused to identify themselves. "This is a friend of yours," the callers said. "I just want you to know that Jerry Voorhis is a Communist." Other stories were circulated—one that Voorhis had voted to increase the ceilings on Florida or-

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anges but not on California oranges. (Actually, no such legislation had come up in the House.)

In speeches and in debates with Voorhis, Nixon stated that his opponent had the backing of the CIO-PAC, which he charged was Communist-dominated. Thirty of the thirty-one newspapers in Nixon's district supported him, and although he has said again and again that his first campaign was a poverty-stricken affair, voters saw full-page Nixon ads in most of the papers, heard Nixon spot announcements on most local radio stations, and encountered Nixon billboards on an arresting number of vacant lots.

Nixon's pioneering of the fight-Communists-instead-of-your-opponent formula proved so successful that he used it again, with even more brilliant success, in his campaign for the Senate. All this is so well known in California that it seems it must also be known over the mountains. But, like the Senator himself, it probably isn't.

In 1950, with the Hiss case behind him, and with a record of having voted for poll taxes, the Taft-Hartley Act, a $55-million cut in the Mutual Defense Program, the exemption of railroads from the antitrust laws, and the exemption of gas producers from Federal regulations; with a record of voting against extension of social-security coverage, Federal slum clearance and public housing, $60 million for aid to Korea, and domestic rent control, Nixon was once more in search of a campaign theme. He found it when he announced that Mrs. Douglas, who had been for most issues Nixon had opposed and against those he was for, was the political twin of New York's Vito Marcantonio, and, therefore, by implication a Communist sympathizer.

Before the campaign, Nixon had intended to concentrate on the New and Fair Deals. In a speech to a Los Angeles dinner audience, he said: "Believe me, I am well aware of the Communist threat and I do not discount it. But I am convinced that an even greater threat to our free institutions is presented by that group of hypocritical and cynical men who, under the guise of providing political panaceas for certain social and economic problems in our society, are selling the American birthright for a mess of pottage."

But then when the campaign began, Nixon ignored the "cynical men," and instead concentrated on "Mrs. Douglas's friends, the Communists" (by whom, incidentally, she was repeatedly denounced as "a capitalist warmonger").

The Nixon-Douglas campaign may well have been what the Los Angeles *Daily News* called it—"the dirtiest in state history." Candidate Nixon's backers began it with a handbill sent to all registered Democrats. "As one Democrat to another . . . ," the bill began. Since it is often hard for hurried and uninstructed voters to tell a Democratic candidate from a Republican in cross-filing California, this handbill, which never identified Nixon as a Republican, probably went a long way toward achieving its aim.

Later, Nixon headquarters issued its "Pink Sheet," purporting to show that Congresswoman Douglas had voted Marcantonio's way some three hundred times, but neglecting to add that Nixon, and even Congressman Joe Martin, had also gone Marcantonio's way on many of those same votes. In speeches and radio and television appearances, in handbills and handouts to California's overwhelmingly Republican press, in letter campaigns and doorbell-ringing campaigns and mass meetings in the Los Angeles Coliseum, the epithets "left-wing" and "pro-Communist" were thrown at Mrs. Douglas from every direction. Instead of standing by her record, Mrs. Douglas began to concentrate on belaboring Communism too, and then she was lost. She couldn't beat Nixon at his own game.

Money? What Money?

When the election was over and Nixon was in with a 680,947 plurality, attorney Dana Smith, Nixon's campaign finance manager, with whom we were concerned a few paragraphs back, began adding up expenses. In a sworn statement to the California Secretary of State, the Nixon people announced that it had cost $62,899 to elect their man. This figure astonished Helen Douglas, who reported expenses of $156,172, and Governor Warren, who reported expenses of $324,000. It also astonished even certain members of the pro-Nixon press.

First of all, Nixon had had so much billboard space (occupied before and after the campaign by oil companies, railroads, banks, power companies, industrial farms, and so on) that some of it had run over the border into Mexico. Billboard advertisers estimate that coverage of this kind costs $25,000 a month—and Nixon had it for four months. The Democratic State Central Committee, a jaundiced source, perhaps, has estimated that newspaper linage in behalf of Nixon cost $82,000, that his radio and TV time cost $100,000, that his direct-mail cost was $90,000 and his printing cost $25,000,

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and that his general expenses (paid help, etc.) exceeded $200,000. Total: $637,000. Cut it in half, quarter it, cut it to one-tenth of that figure, and Nixon's expense account is still not the $62,899 to which he is legally committed. If you credit some press estimates of Nixon's expenses (over a million dollars) or the estimates of such columnists as Drew Pearson ($1.6 million), the confusion of the figurers becomes more understandable. Senator Nixon may truthfully say that money may have been spent in his behalf that he knew nothing about. If so, were any corporations among the donors of billboard space, for instance? (Corporations are prohibited from contributing to political campaigns.) How many personal contributions were recovered in tax deductions?

Seeing Dick Through

Since Dana Smith was talking warmly about Senator Nixon, we did not interrupt him.

"Even before Dick announced that he was going to run for the Senate, we had $10,000 ready to finance him," Smith said. "That's the first time I ever heard of a candidate having campaign funds before he became a candidate."

We asked whether Smith had handled that embarrassing check from Senator Owen Brewster via Gruenwald. He said "No," but that he had signed a $5,000 check, drawn on Nixon's "general campaign fund" to repay Brewster's loan. Smith made it clear that the money was a loan, not a contribution.

"After Nixon's election," said Smith, "we did not stop thinking about him. We realized that his salary [$12,500 plus a tax-free $2,500 for expenses] was pitifully inadequate for a salesman of free enterprise trying to do a job for his people in California. We took the position that we had got Dick into this [the Senate] and that we were going to see him through," Smith went on. "He told us he needed money for such things as long-distance phone calls, for ten thousand Christmas cards, for airmail stamps on thousands of letters that couldn't be franked, for recordings that could be used on free radio time in California but that cost something to make, and for trips to California—he ought to make the trip at least three or four times a year. Well," Smith continued, "between the time of his election to the Senate and his nomination as Vice-President, we gave him between $16,000 and $17,000, which I disbursed." The exact amount turned out to be $18,235.

How Not to Buy a Senator

Smith sat back, beaming.

"Here we had a fine salesman who didn't have enough money to do the kind of selling job we wanted," he said. "So we got together and took care of some of those things. Between fifty and one hundred people put up the money and we put a limit of five hundred dollars per person on the amount anyone could give in a single year." Smith hesitated at this point. "Just so no one could say that we were buying a Senator," he added.

With that cleared up, we asked who some of the contributors were.

"Well, I don't want to throw names around," Smith said.

We asked if the list included any of the people who had honored Nixon with a dinner at the Malibu Beach home of Kyle Palmer, political editor of the Los Angeles *Times,* last August 2. We mentioned some of the names—Al Gock, board chairman of the Bank of America; Leonard Firestone, of the tire company; Joe Schenck, Darryl Zanuck, Harry Cohn, L. B. Mayer, Edward J. Mannix, Mervyn LeRoy and Harry Brand, of the movies; Justin Dart, the Rexall Drug man; William Mullendore, head of the Southern California Edison; Norman Chandler, publisher of the *Times.*

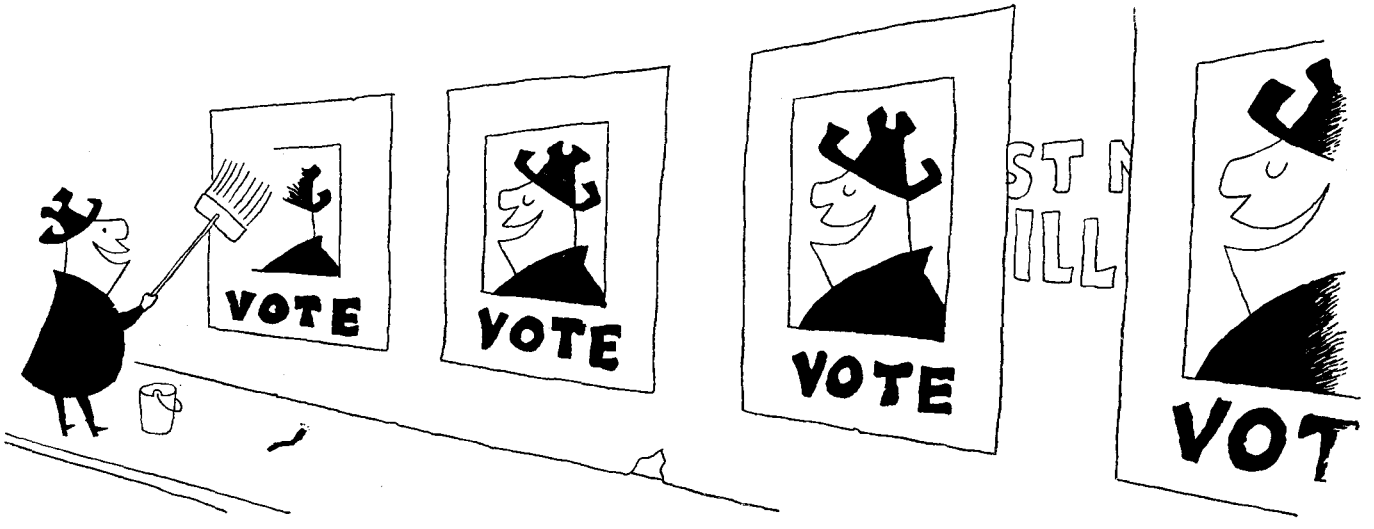
Smith said he had no knowledge of contributions from any of these men.

"It was mostly the same old gang with a few new ones," he said—"the Rowan boys, Mullin, Tom Pike, Earl Adams [an attorney for Southern California Edison], Jack Garland [attorney husband of Helen Chandler, of the Los Angeles *Times* family], Tyler Woodward. Most of the old Stassen Volunteers.

"Any philosophy that throws control of our lives and finances to government is reactionary—a throwback to the Divine Right of Kings," he was saying. "Free opportunity and enterprise is the right theory of progressive living."

We did not argue about that. Instead we asked whether the Stassen Volunteers, who had stumped for Eisenhower even though Warren was the favorite son, had had any say in Nixon's selection as Vice-Presidential candidate.

"We discouraged Dick on that,"



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Smith said. "We thought he should serve out his term in the Senate and then, when he had that under his belt, think about higher offices."

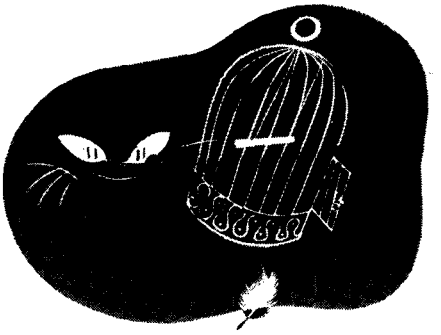
Since Nixon had been picked anyway, Smith and the others had taken it in good grace.

"Actually," Smith said, "there's a great deal Dick can do as Vice-President. He can clean the Communists out of Washington. He can help clean up corruption in government. And, with his Congressional background, he can be the best kind of a liaison between the executive and legislative branches of the government, particularly when it comes to suggesting and initiating sound and desirable legislation. As I say, Dick is a salesman."

The Decent World of Mr. Smith

Smith thought awhile, and then added:

"The whole idea of our Nixon fund is to enable Dick to do a selling job on



the American people for the private-enterprise system and integrity in government."

That ended the interview. Before we left, I looked closely at Dana Smith, who had astonished us by saying that he was fifty-four years old and had eight grandchildren, and one more on the way—grandchildren for whom he wanted a decent world. Sitting with his back to a bright window, he looked youthful, open and friendly, strong, honest, and thoroughly sound.

Against Special Interests

Three days later the Nixon story was broken by the New York *Post,* and the public has been hearing a good deal about it ever since.

On Saturday, September 20, Smith held a press conference at which he gave out the names of contributors to the fund, seventy-six in all, and I was startled to discover that the name of the contributor who had tipped me off about the story was not included.

"I'm glad this story got out," Smith said, "because there wasn't anything wrong about it."

"But, Mr. Smith," I began, "supposing members of a labor union had made a contribution to . . ."

"Oh, that's different," he declared positively. "A labor union is a special interest."

U.S. Aid Prescription for India: Good Advice in Small Doses

JEAN LYON

LAST WINTER, when America's accelerated Point Four aid to India was just beginning to make a noise, *Shankar's Weekly,* a political magazine consisting largely of cartoons, came out with a drawing of a big dog sitting on a rug scratching his fleas. The dog was obviously India, and the fleas climbing aboard his back in a long line extending to the edge of the picture were labeled EXPERTS FROM ABROAD. Sitting on a nearby chair was a puzzled-looking Nehru, peering over his glasses at the dog. The cartoon was entitled "That Underdog Feeling."

After the Indo-American agreement details had all been worked out, toward the end of June, I asked Editor Shankar what his opinion of the American aid program was by that time. He replied: "I haven't decided. The sanest people haven't made up their minds."

This still seems to be true. Those who administer and support the program in the Indian government, the American Embassy, and the Technical Cooperation Administration office seem increasingly enthusiastic. Others, not involved, are looking at it with a mixture of amusement, indignation, and sincere good will and receptivity. But they haven't quite made up their minds.

The amusement centers largely around the sixty-two American technicians who have already arrived in India. Most of them live, at least during the first few weeks, in New Delhi's brand-new Ambassador Hotel, which is set in the middle of the flat, treeless newness of an area where jungle jackals still screech at night. Its TCA guests do nothing to help it blend with the landscape.

The men bustling off to committee meetings with their briefcases, their wives in shorts and sunbacked dresses, and their children in Hawaiian shirts and blue jeans make the Ambassador look like a picture postcard from Miami Beach.

Innocents Abroad

The men congregate in the lobby. There are the enthusiasts. "India's a great country," they keep saying, slapping their latest Indian acquaintances on the back. "You fellows are really going places, and we're going to help you."

There are the nervous little men and women. "Is this water all right to drink?" "Do you think I will get sunstroke if I don't wear a helmet?" "Isn't there *any* place where I can buy Kleenex?"

There are the innocent adventurers. "They tell me I'm going to *Neee*-pal. Do you know where *Neee*-pal is?"

The Indians, many of them deeply

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impressed with Ambassador Bowles and on the whole quite willing to accept Nehru's verdict that our program has no strings, cannot resist an occasional wisecrack about the innocence, the timidity, or the patronizing airs of the newly arrived Americans.

As the program progresses, the critics seem to increase. Well-informed and thoughtful people, many with an intimate knowledge of Indian village life, are beginning to question the methods, the speed, the "push from the top" used on various projects. This is apart from the Communist criticism, which continues to classify American aid as a wedge for dollar imperialism. And just because an argument is used by Communists dosen't mean that it is ineffective out here. Few Indians have forgotten that their two centuries under the British began with the economic penetration of the East India Company.

The Point Four program in India is unique largely because of the personality of Ambassador Chester Bowles. There had been an aid agreement before he arrived in India, but it is he who has slapped it into a pressure cooker and built a fire under it.

Also, an important decision had been made before Bowles left Washington—that aid to India would include no military assistance, and would therefore be administered by the State Department's Technical Cooperation Administration rather than by the Mutual Security Administration. This made a difference in the type of agreement required by the U.S. legislation—the difference between our clearing an area of mosquitoes because we don't want American troops to get malaria at some future date and clearing it of mosquitoes for the sake of the health of the people who live there right now. To Asians, and especially to Indians, this difference is significant.

Bowles had already made up his mind that Point Four aid was to be his major concern. His line of reasoning was that democracy could make headway in Asia only if it could reach the peasant with immediate benefits. If this was done by a democratic government, through democratic processes, it would be tangible proof to the Asian peasant that democracy was a system under which he wanted to live. India was both a key Asian country and was attempting to become a democracy. The sincerity of Bowles's manner, his frankness about America's own conflicts and errors, and his sensitivity to the Indian point of view won new friends for America. At almost the same time that Indonesia's Cabinet was resigning over the question of U.S. aid, proud India signed up.

Foundation: the Village

Bowles chose as his Blue Book the Indian Planning Commission's just published Five-Year Plan, thus giving all his suggestions the irrefutable backing of being based on India's own plans.

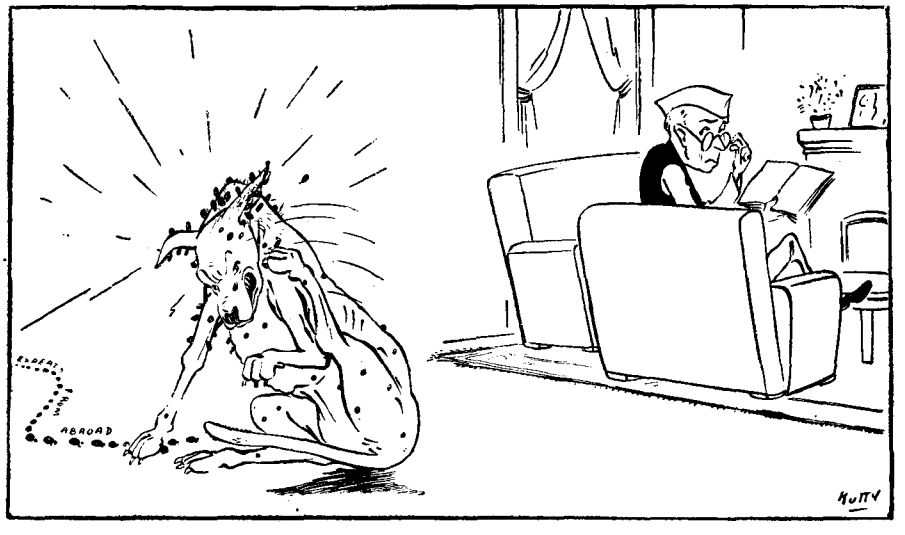
As the focal point of the first year's $54.5-million TCA program, Bowles plucked out of India's Five-Year Plan a scheme for the concentrated development of certain specified communities. This, as he saw it, was the one part of the Five-Year Plan that could reach the grass roots most rapidly. Community development was not new to India. It had been tried out in a number of areas since independence. It, or something much like it, had long been a part of both Gandhi's and Nehru's thinking.

The Indian leaders and the Americans agreed that the initial emphasis should be on agricultural development, since increasing the nation's food production takes priority in the Five-Year-Plan.

The basic idea is to pour a concentrated dose of aid into one rural area particularly in need of development (as what rural area in India isn't?). Such an area will generally include some three hundred villages. Village workers, under government leadership, are to fan out to the villages and inspire the villagers to improve their agricultural methods and increase their food production, to establish schools and social-education centers both for children and adults, to introduce sanitation and public-health practices, and to establish clinics, dispensaries, and, in certain central towns, hospitals. The initiative is to be passed to the villager himself, so that he learns responsibility as a citizen. As Nehru has put it, the villager is to become a "builder not only of his own village center, but in the larger sense of India."

American assistance enabled the Indians to multiply the number of such area projects from half a dozen to fifty-five. That meant that in one year the program should reach over fifteen thousand of India's five hundred thousand villages and some eleven million of India's 350 million people. Continuing with his figuring, Bowles decided that with a billion dollars from America over a five-year period, the program could, before 1957, reach a third of India's poverty-ridden peasants, and could give them more food in their bellies, less malaria and dysentery and cholera, and a glimpse into books and newspapers and at the horizons of a new world.

Nehru saw the plan's possibilities for economic development. Congress Party politicians saw its possibilities as a political stabilizer. Even the Socialists backed it because of its possibilities as an agency for social and economic reform. The harassed caretakers of In-



Shankar's Weekly *on 'Experts from Abroad'*

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dia's economy saw its possibilities in making India self-sufficient in food, and in freeing for industrial development the large sums of foreign exchange now spent on food imports.

It looked so good that in February and March and April everyone working on the detailed plans talked like the discoverer of a new miracle antibiotic. American TCA administrators, who included men who had worked on TVA, Bowles's Connecticut housing projects, and UNRRA, seemed to walk several feet above the earth. S. K. Dey, the Indian government's choice to head the community-development program, who a year before was as disillusioned a man about America's foreign policies as I had met in India, was talking about "the spirit in which America was built —the spirit which created conditions where men could exist as rulers of their own destinies."

Eleven Channels

Most of the $54.5 million was to be absorbed in these eleven projects:

1. Fertilizer shipments into India from America or other available markets of 108,000 long tons, some of which is to be distributed to farmers in the community developments. Cost to the United States: $10,650,000.

2. Iron and steel shipments totaling 55,000 long tons for the making of improved farm implements. Over two-thirds of this was to be allocated to village blacksmiths. Cost to the United States: $8,385,000.

3. The provision of three planes for three months with U.S. pilots and technicians for spraying locust-infested areas, and the supplying of additional ground equipment to India's anti-locust organization. Cost to the United States: $230,000.

4. A program to determine the fertility of soils and the effectiveness of fertilizer. Cost to the United States: $200,000.

5. Expansion and modernization of fisheries, through improved craft and methods, research, and training. Cost to the United States: $2,462,000.

6. The construction of 2,200 irrigation tube wells, at least 750 of which are to be drilled in community-development areas. Cost to the United States: $13,700,000.

7. A training program for village workers, with twenty-five training centers, each giving six-month courses to a total of 3,600 workers by the end of a year. Cost to the United States: $166,000.

8. The community-development program in fifty-five communities of three hundred villages each. Cost to the United States: $8,671,000.

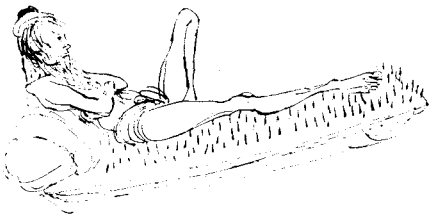
9. The shipment to India of 365 tons of DDT and two million Resochin tablets, as well as expansion of staff and facilities already existing for combating malaria, India's most serious health problem. Cost to the United States: $648,000.

10. The provision of new and improved equipment for forest research and desert afforestation. Cost to the United States: $104,000.

11. The provision of technical assistance, equipment, and supplies to assist in the construction of dams and irrigation canals at four places (Hirakud in Orissa, and Kakarpar, Mahi, and Ghataprabha in Bombay) which when completed will irrigate over eight million acres. Cost to the United States: $4,784,000.

These agreements absorb fifty million dollars. The other $4.5 million has been left unallocated, to be spent on sending Indian personnel to the United States, or American experts as they are requested by India, and on smaller projects as they come along.

The long, tedious process of drawing up the eleven operational agreements by which the aid was to be absorbed may have dimmed the early glow. At



least it brought some of the air walkers down to earth and forced them to recognize the gap between existing conditions in India and the ultimate goals. According to the agreements, India was responsible for the entire administration of all the projects. It also promised to supply the rupees necessary to put the American dollars to work.

These were both hurdles. India is short of administrators, technicians, and trained people willing to bury themselves in remote villages. And India's budget could not be stretched to take care all at once of the financial burden of administration, transportation, and upkeep on $54.5 million worth of American goods and equipment. Even the TCA experts who were to come as advisers would take some absorbing—for each had to have someone to advise.

Fall Opening

Throughout this summer, steps were being taken to procure the equipment or goods, and to set up the institutions. Except for the locust-control project, which had functioned throughout the Near East and India and Pakistan last year under the U.N., and which had to work during June, July, and August to be effective, there will be little to show in the way of results until well along in October.

By then, S. K. Dey has promised to open all fifty-five of the community projects and the twenty-five training schools. By then, too, it is expected that fertilizer, iron, and steel will have begun to arrive.

But there are already two things by which the aid program is being judged. One is the arrival of the Americans. By September there were sixty-two American experts in the field and thirty-five in Delhi. This number does not seem stupendous, but when it is remembered that each is an adviser, probably at the state or central government level, they begin to seem ubiquitous. With none of the projects actually started as yet, these men have had little to do but to try to needle the Indians to move faster. As advisers, their first job is to persuade people to take their advice. This does not enhance their popularity.

The second thing is that there has been a pump primer. This is the Ford Foundation, which was able to move more rapidly than the U.S. government could. Ford dovetailed its program into the TCA one and took the initial plunge. It agreed with the Indian government to set up fifteen community projects and five training schools for village workers, these in addition to those being set up under the governmental agreement.

Ford's people out here have worked hand in glove with Ambassador Bowles, and have responded readily to his feeling of urgency. By April, when the government agreements were still in the committee stage, the Foundation's men had launched their first community project in the Patiala and East Punjab

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States Union and their first training school not far from Lucknow in Uttar Pradesh. By August all of their community-development and training projects had started.

Food and Democracy

It is largely from these that judgments are now being made. Both from the American and from the Indian official viewpoints there are two objectives. The immediate one is to increase India's agricultural production and get more food to the people. The long-range one is to reach the Indian villager with some tangible evidences of what a democracy can mean to him and to give him a sense of his responsibility toward it.

This latter objective is the one most often emphasized both by Prime Minister Nehru and by Ambassador Bowles. It is an idea that captures the imagination and hope of anyone who considers it at all attainable.

Perhaps the major flaw so far observable in the community projects is that the short-range objective tends to dominate; indeed at this stage it seems quite possible that the short-range objective could completely defeat the long-range one.

This is natural under the pressures of lack of trained personnel and the desire to get started. So far, both the American experts and the Indian project officers have been largely agricultural men, drawn from agricultural-extension work. They can readily understand the need to produce more pounds of wheat or rice per acre. Such results are measurable. They find it harder to estimate the results of the methods they use in getting the farmer to plant better seed or to use chemical fertilizer. They are told to use persuasion, to let the initiative come from the villager. But they are used to ruling by command, and if a little official pressure enters into their relationships with the villagers, they are often not even aware of it.

Furthermore, the villagers are used to taking orders. If a project officer turns up and says, "This village should have twenty compost pits," the village headman is likely to say, "Yes, sir, it will be done." He routs out the boys and digs the pits. When the American adviser, a former county agent, comes along, he sees the pits dug and says, "That's fine." To say that any of this

has had anything to do with developing democracy at the village level would be far-fetched.

Another pitfall into which project workers are stumbling already is that they are inclined to concentrate their efforts on the larger farmers. These are the farmers most willing to take risks with new seed or new implements. But if this concentration continues, the small farmers, the economically depressed peasants toward whom the program is directed, will end up just where they started. (Thus far the aid program offers hardly anything to the great mass of landless agricultural laborers.)

The Young Trainees

These are mere straws indicating that the wind might blow in several directions. The factors involved are innumerable. There is the complicated structure of Indian village life, with its many and often undefinable relationships between landlord and tenant, caste and caste, and jobs and caste. There is the local official mind, schooled under an authoritative foreign rule. There is the coexistence in almost all Indian communities of feudal practices, colonial habits, and democratic hopes. And now, tossed into this already heady brew, comes the American county agent, who is about as well equipped as a professional baseball player would be to understand the environment around him. And this is nothing against American county agents (or baseball players), for even the most highly skilled American sociologist would find it difficult to apply his techniques successfully to an Indian village without some careful study.

In spite of all this, the program still holds much promise. The dangers can be avoided if they are recognized at the beginning. The argument that experience is the best training school is not to be sniffed at.

New God

At the training school near Lucknow, the man in charge has had four years of experience on the Etawah project, which was one of the early efforts at community development. His main theme with his students is that they are to go to the villagers to serve, not to command. "The villager," he tells them, "is our new master. You must look upon his almost as a god. Then you can truly serve him." Some of the students are attempting to put his theories into practice, and when they succeed they begin to talk with a sense of belonging to a new phase of India's development.

There is a strong need in these young people to be caught up into a movement that attracts both their idealism and their energies. So far in the new India they seem to have found nothing that has captured them as their parents were captured by the fight for independence. Many of them are turning to the disciplined but exciting program the Communists offer. But the community-development projects may yet capture their imaginations.

How they respond, and how ultimately the villager himself responds and how much he makes the program his own, will depend a great deal on the caliber of leadership given at the state and Delhi levels, and on the caliber (which must be high) and quantity (which must be low) of American advice.

The program could very easily be little more than a repetition of nineteenth-century imperialistic methods of making a peasant people produce wealth for a nation's exploiters—be these new exploiters a political party, a few individuals, or a foreign nation.

But it could also be a real turning point in Asia's history.

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Two Biographies Of Candidate Stevenson

ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

ADLAI STEVENSON, by John Bartlow Martin. *Harper & Brothers. $2.50.*
ADLAI E. STEVENSON OF ILLINOIS, by Noel F. Busch. *Farrar, Straus & Young. $3.75.*

TO THEIR CREDIT, neither of these hastily published books can be described as a standard "campaign biography." Although both John Bartlow Martin and Noel Busch are friendly to Governor Stevenson and admire his character and his record, each of them makes a valiant effort at objectivity, striving for straight reporting.

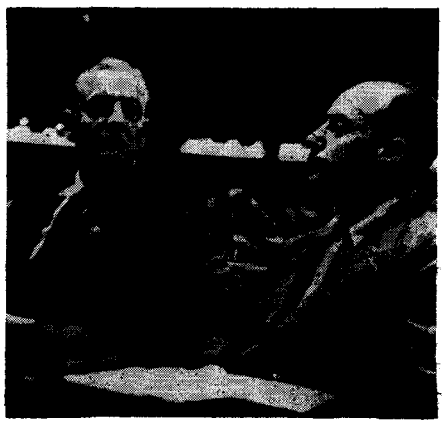
Busch's book is the livelier of the two, the richer in amusing anecdotes, but it gives evidence of being a slapdash job by an excellent writer. More than half of its 236 pages are filled with quotations from the Governor's writings and speeches, which are well worth reading and studying by Republicans as well as Democrats. It is apparent that this book was on the presses before the Democratic Convention made its nomination; the Messrs. Farrar, Straus & Young therefore deserve a salute for both prescience and enterprise.

Martin undoubtedly has a far more intimate knowledge of his subject; he gave closer observation to the Stevenson record while it was being made. He is a careful and thoughtful reporter, and if he lacks Busch's journalistic brilliance, I believe that he achieves greater authenticity, and that the reader can learn more from him of the true nature of this "new kind of man in American politics."

Describing the "tremendous vacuum" created in the Democratic Party by President Truman's refusal to run for re-election, Martin writes:

"For the first time in twenty years the conglomerate Democratic majority was obliged to rearrange itself around a new man. All spring the party tortuously explored the possibilities. Then for five July days at the Chicago stockyards it groped through issues and candidates. Finally it plucked from his secure obscurity Adlai E. Stevenson and thrust him before the great pitiless eyes of television, a rather small, slightly frail man with a too-big nose and kindly eyes and a manner that somehow suggests that of the schoolboy always trying to make sure his coat is buttoned, to remember to keep his shoulders back. . . . The draft must have puzzled a lot of people."

"Puzzled" is a mild word for the effect Stevenson's recent rise has produced on the multitudes who had never heard of him before and even on the friends who thought they knew him. That rise has been his own singlehanded accomplishment, performed under circumstances of the wildest improbability.



With Dulles at the U.N.

One of the few pleasures of work in wartime Washington for me was the friendship that I formed with Adlai Stevenson. He had been brought into the Navy Department by the then Secretary, Colonel Frank Knox, a Republican—and it is interesting to note that several Republicans were among Stevenson's original backers for public office in Illinois and remain among his closest confidants and counselors.

Modest Miracle Maker

I knew and liked Stevenson as a quiet, diffident, gently humorous, and unobtrusively competent man who apparently possessed none of the politician's hunger for power. When, in 1948, I heard that the Democrats in Illinois had persuaded him to run for Governor, I was full of sympathy for the innocent victim of this act of calculated political brutality. It seemed to be a year of Republican victory, and I could only conclude that Colonel Jacob M. Arvey, boss of the old Kelly-Nash machine in Cook County, had picked the modest Stevenson as a sacrificial lamb for the slaughter.

So the modest Stevenson—in this his first compaign for elective office—carried Illinois by the biggest plurality in the history of the state, running some 540,000 votes ahead of his ticket. When I saw those figures through unbelieving eyes, I recalled the words of the late and deeply lamented Fiorello LaGuardia: "When I make a mistake, it's a beaut!" And I murmured an apology to Colonel Arvey.

As Busch correctly observes, Steven-

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Illustrations from *Adlai E. Stevenson*

With Truman and Kelly in Chicago, 1950

son "has formed the habit of telling stories on himself which show him in the light of a comedy character, who never does anything right and can be counted on to make a hash of anything he undertakes. Long practice at this form of deception has made Stevenson so adept at it that he sometimes almost succeeds in fooling himself . . . [This] habitual air of aggrieved if not downright self-deprecation would be disarming in almost anyone, but in a man who has been widely regarded as well-qualified for the biggest job in the nation, if not in the world, it seems to the casual observer especially refreshing."

Stevenson as Governor

There was scant sign of diffidence in his approach to the job of Governor. Martin writes:

"He went before the General Assembly and asked for, among other things, state aid to local government, a constitutional convention to write a new constitution for Illinois, increase in salaries for state officers and employees, strengthening of Civil Service, increased school aid, integration of services in the Departments of Public Welfare and Labor, increased workmen's compensation and unemployment compensation, a state FEPC, highway reconstruction and improvement (necessitating a raise in the gas tax from three to five cents), extension of Civil Service to the Department of Mines and Minerals and revision of the mining laws, taking the Conservation Department and the State Police out of politics, lengthened terms and increased compensation for the Illinois Commerce Commission, and a series of laws advocated by the Chicago Crime Commission to combat organized crime."

Of greater importance than the extraordinary ambitiousness of this program is the fact that Stevenson succeeded in getting a very large part of it through a none too friendly legislature.

Dwight Green's Republican Administration in Illinois had become mired in corruption and scandal and inertia. As one of Stevenson's principal aides, Carl McGowan, expressed it: "Stevenson didn't take over a going concern. He took over an operation that—well, I suppose government had come as close to a full stop in Illinois as we've ever seen. Just compare taking over New York after it had been run by Lehman and Roosevelt and Smith and taking over Illinois after eight years of Green. We've had a hell of a low tradition of government here . . ."

The tides which swept Stevenson into office were not powerful enough to clean out all the rackets in the homeland of Al Capone and the Chicago Syndicate, and the superbly successful new Administration was marred by some scandals. Both Martin and Busch are candid about these, but Martin is more thorough in reporting them. The one that hurt Stevenson the worst, personally if not politically, was the horsemeat scandal, for the key malefactor in this unsavory business was a man whom Stevenson himself had selected as a strictly nonpolitical appointment. He called all of the inspectors to his office and delivered a warning in which he said—as he has said again during the current campaign—"Any man who seeks graft, any man guilty of corruption, is a traitor to the people."

'An Integrated Man'

A comprehensive appraisal of Adlai Stevenson could not be provided in these or any other books that might be written now. The man who emerges from either victory or defeat on Election Day in November will be markedly different in spiritual and intellectual appearance from the man who has been revealed by his public experience and behavior so far. But both the Busch and the Martin books shed new and interesting light on their subject. Martin writes:

"Stevenson is an integrated man. His character, his intellectual judgments, and his official acts are all of a piece. He is an active thinker. He does not think in a vacuum—he relates. Relates his administrative policies tightly to his own personal faith. . . . Stevenson meets new issues not piecemeal, one by one, as does an opportunist; he attacks them from positions thought out long in advance, positions that come from his deepest beliefs. (This makes it hard to compare him with other persons. He has been compared with Roosevelt, for example. But Roosevelt was an innovator, and Stevenson is not; he is in a stricter sense a reformer—he is inclined to repair and tighten up and improve existing structures. And Roosevelt was an improviser, making up a program as he went along, with no apparent foundation in theory or belief, while Stevenson gives the impression always of acting on principle. And where Roosevelt led firmly—some said dictatorially—Stevenson guides.)"

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While agreeing that the supposed resemblances between Stevenson and Roosevelt are somewhat misleading, I must enter a demurrer to the statement that Roosevelt made up "a program as he went along." I know that Roosevelt contributed to this impression. He liked to appear mercurial, unpredictable, just as Stevenson likes to appear self-depreciative, "a comedy character." But anyone who reads carefully the first two inaugural addresses of Franklin D. Roosevelt—one as Governor in 1929, the other as President in 1933—may well wonder why there was ever surprise at the program he launched.

In his first chapter, Martin describes a trip he took with Governor Stevenson into southern Illinois to visit a penitentiary and a hospital for the criminally insane, ending up with a speech to some two hundred Rotarians and their families. As I read the account of this speech, in which Lincolnesque jokes were mixed with sound sense about the philosophy and the practical workings of government, I realized that the other day I heard Stevenson give what must have been virtually the same speech before some twelve hundred of New York's higher brows in the Grand Ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria. It went over just as well with this audience as it did with the Rotarians in Nashville, Illinois.

An Hour in the Club-Car

One of the anecdotes in Busch's book which sounded particularly authentic to me has to do with Stevenson's train journey with Colonel Arvey and Spike Hennessey, the campaign publicity manager, from Chicago to Springfield to accept the nomination for Governor:

" 'By the way, Jack,' asked Stevenson. 'Do you think I ought to make a political speech to these fellows? You know, I've never really made one.'

"It was explained to the candidate that, on the occasion of accepting a gubernatorial nomination, a speech was usually in order.

" 'Well, what do you think I ought to say to them?' inquired Stevenson.

"Arvey explained that, as the candidate, it was Stevenson's privilege to say anything he wanted. 'Maybe you should think what you would do if you were governor and just tell them that,' he suggested.

" 'Well, I do have some ideas, of course,' said Stevenson. 'I suppose I'll make a mess of it, as usual, but still, I'll go back to the club-car and try to work out something.'

" 'He went back to the club-car for an hour,' says Arvey, recalling the incident. 'When he came back, he had a speech that would take about eight minutes to deliver. Hennessey and I read it over and then looked at each other.

" ' "Don't ever let anyone change a word of it, or of any speech you ever write," was what I said to him,' says Arvey. ' "You've got a new approach to politics entirely." ' "

The next two months will tell whether the Stevenson approach is too new. But he has injected a blast of clear, fresh air into the smoke-filled room of our national political life.

Europe Views Our Campaign

JEAN-JACQUES SERVAN SCHREIBER

PARIS

As the American Presidential campaign progresses, Europeans are coming to think of it less and less as America's private affair, more and more as a compelling reason to re-examine their own views on the position the western world should take in world affairs. Europe's leaders have suddenly found themselves up to their necks in the great American debate. One explanation of their involvement is that the campaign, at least as seen from here, has taken an entirely unexpected turn.

Until recently Europeans were convinced that Eisenhower and Stevenson would not disagree to any important extent on the basic American policy of continuing support of the free nations, of widening and strengthening alliances and of resistance to aggression. It seemed certain that the real fight would be on domestic issues: on farm policy, for instance, on the need for economy, and on social legislation. Although Europeans have no detailed knowledge of these problems, they do know very well that a fairly definite social philosophy is implicit in the New Deal and the Fair Deal, and that the Republicans oppose this philosophy.

The Basic Disagreements

As soon as the candidates had made their first major speeches, however, this European view looked like a mistaken one. Foreign policy seems to have provided the essential difference of opinion, whereas the two candidates seem fairly close to agreement on purely domestic problems. There are qualified European observers, of course, who persist in thinking that there will be no great change in the conduct of American foreign policy, no matter who wins the election. As late as September 10 Raymond Aron, writing in *Le Figaro* of the Republican proposals for the liberation of the satellite countries, seemed to be quite calm: "In the heat of debate the Republican will say that the Democrat is supporting an immoral policy. The Democrat will say that the Republican is dragging the country into war. Yet neither side thinks that present policy is satisfactory or definitive. Both want to change it, but neither wants to do so at the cost of bringing on a third World War. . . . Where is the real disagreement? It seems no more than a question of emphasis and tone. . . . It is a pity that the campaign should bring forth useless rhetoric and thus should lead the people to believe mistakenly that there is real opposition of principle between the two parties and the two candidates."

Claude Bourdet wrote in *L'Observateur,* a neutralist publication: "The present enthusiasm [in Europe] for Stevenson is as stupid as Europe's

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previous crush on Eisenhower; it is useless to expect from either of these personages any initiative that could change the world situation."

Raymond Cartier wrote in the September 12 issue of *Match*: "Nothing would be more dramatic than the world's present uncertainty as to the results of the American elections . . . if [those elections] were likely to resolve fundamentally differences as to American policy. This is not the case. The conflict is a question of personalities and, to a certain degree, of methods. There is no conflict involving principle."

An increasing number of Europeans no longer hold these views. The picture began changing with Eisenhower's speech to the American Legion, and with the polemics that ensued. It began to look as if Eisenhower stood for a "war of liberation" to drive the Russians back to their prewar frontiers, and Stevenson for peace by negotiation and compromise. This caricature of the respective positions received, of course, the endorsement of certain leftists.

A more moderate and less simplified concept of the situation, which has considerable support in French government circles, is now gaining acceptance. It is now felt that Eisenhower and Stevenson agree on two important items of foreign policy, and that either of them would continue the policies of the present Administration in Europe; certainly neither would withdraw American troops from the continent or give up America's system of European airbases. This theory also holds that neither of the candidates could alter the present policy of containment in Europe, since the line of demarcation between the two worlds is so clearly defined that any attempt to modify it would mean war or the threat of war.

On the other hand, it is thought that Eisenhower and Stevenson would follow very different policies in Asia. There the line of demarcation between the Communist world and the free world is not so clearly defined. Everywhere revolutionary situations threaten the influence of the West; everywhere we are faced with change. The effect of all this ferment will be influenced by American policy. What American policy will be depends on a choice between two fundamental assumptions concerning the nature of Communism.

Crusade vs. Coexistence

If it were believed that Communism must be outlawed from the community of nations, as it is, in effect, in the United States from the internal political community, the United States would refuse to recognize existing Com-

munist régimes—the Chinese, for instance—and would support refugee governments representing régimes overthrown by the usurpers. The economic blockade of all Asian Communist nations would be continued, as would opposition to Mao's admission to the United Nations even after an armistice in Korea.

As to nations that are threatened by Communism but are still free—such as India—the United States would support only those which agreed to enter the anti-Communist coalition. In brief, American Asian policy would be similar to the present American European policy, one based almost exclusively on military alliances and rearmament.

Rightly or wrongly, many Europeans think that this is Eisenhower's policy—the anti-Communist "crusade."

Stevenson seems to represent a different attitude toward the Communist problem. He strikes Europeans as being willing to accept the possibility of coexistence with the Communist powers. If he were elected, many Europeans suspect that American policy might be led to *de facto* recognition of those Communist governments that appear to be solidly established—China, for instance—and to large-scale economic co-operation and assistance for the underdeveloped nations of Asia and the Middle East without insisting that they enter a military coalition.

Eisenhower, it is thought, starts from the premise that Communism aims to dominate the world—in particular to destroy the United States—and will use every means to do so, war included. It follows that the United States must try to weaken every Communist nation and, wherever a choice has to be made, must sacrifice economic considerations to military considerations.

Stevenson, as these Europeans see him, agrees that Communism aims at world domination, but also believes that the Russians will not risk total war; that the victory the Kremlin seeks is economic and social; and that the Russians will seek it first in Asia and the Middle East, only later in Europe. On this assumption, American policy must be centered on developing the free world's economic strength through technical assistance and by raising standards of living. Rearmament, of course, would be continued, but not with top priority.

Crusade or coexistence? Belief in either alternative involves immense risk and leads to differing policies. There can be no certainty of success in either course. Many Europeans believe that on November 4 Americans will be choosing which risk to take, which policy to follow.

Shadows of 1938

It must be recognized that the majority of Europeans favor the coexistence theory rather than any project for a crusade. The majority is not necessarily right. In 1938 the French and the British favored the Munich compromise and believed in the possibility of coexistence with fascism.

In London and in Paris today an extremely well-informed minority believes that the Communist world must be fought by all possible methods short of preventive war. Only the future can decide whether this minority is wiser than the majority.

The American elections throw new light on these fundamental questions of principle. The debate between the candidates in America forces Europeans to carry on their own debate over the basic choice the western world must make. Possibly we in Europe are completely mistaken in ascribing these positions to the two candidates. Without doubt, however, the two men have come to symbolize the fateful alternatives that confront the free world.

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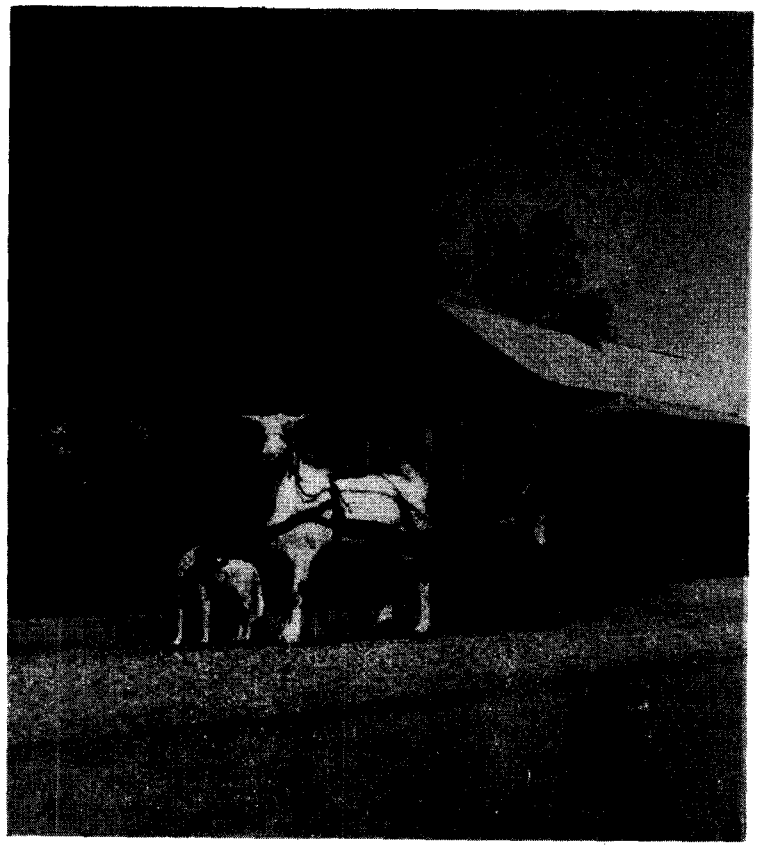
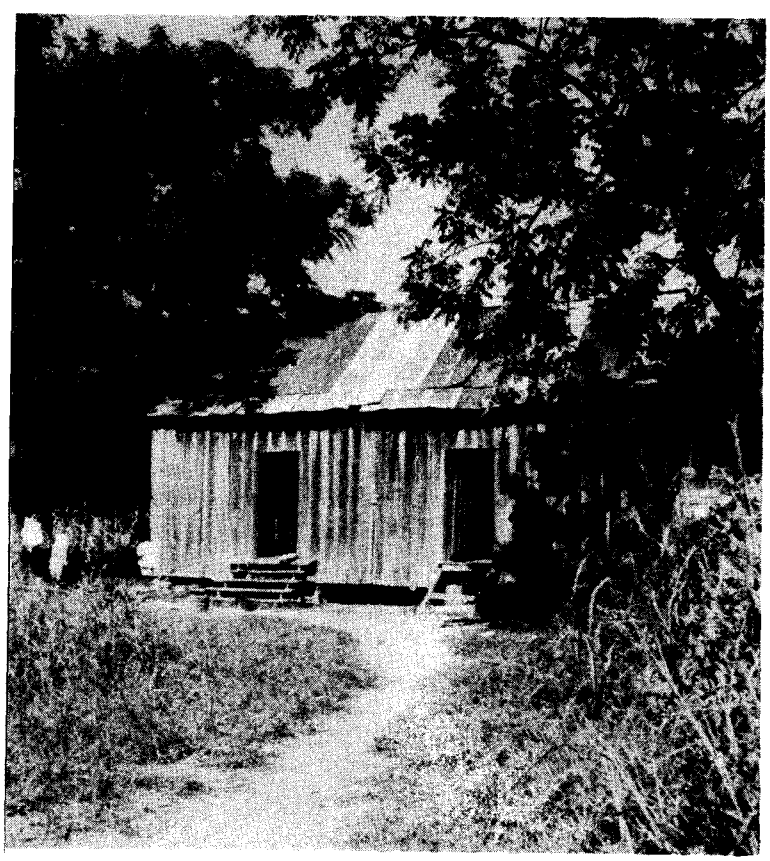
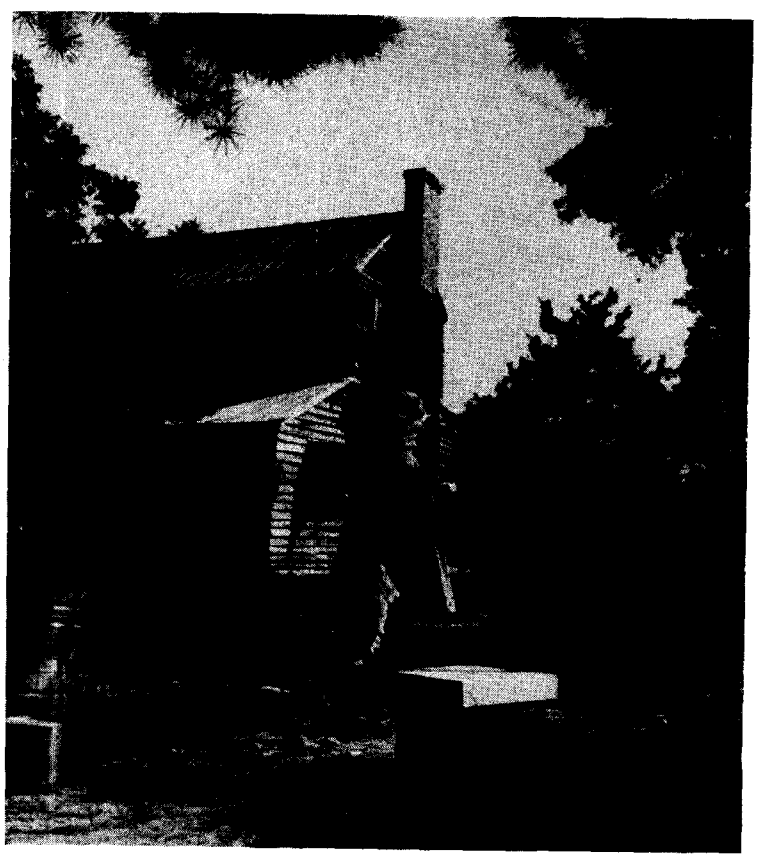


McCormick County, South Carolina: Not a single Republican vote in 1948, but Eisenhower may win there this year. **(See page 25)**





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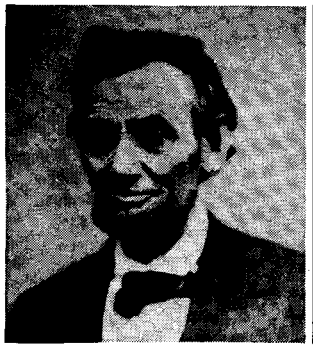
Lincoln's last photograph. Booth's bullet ended his life three days later.



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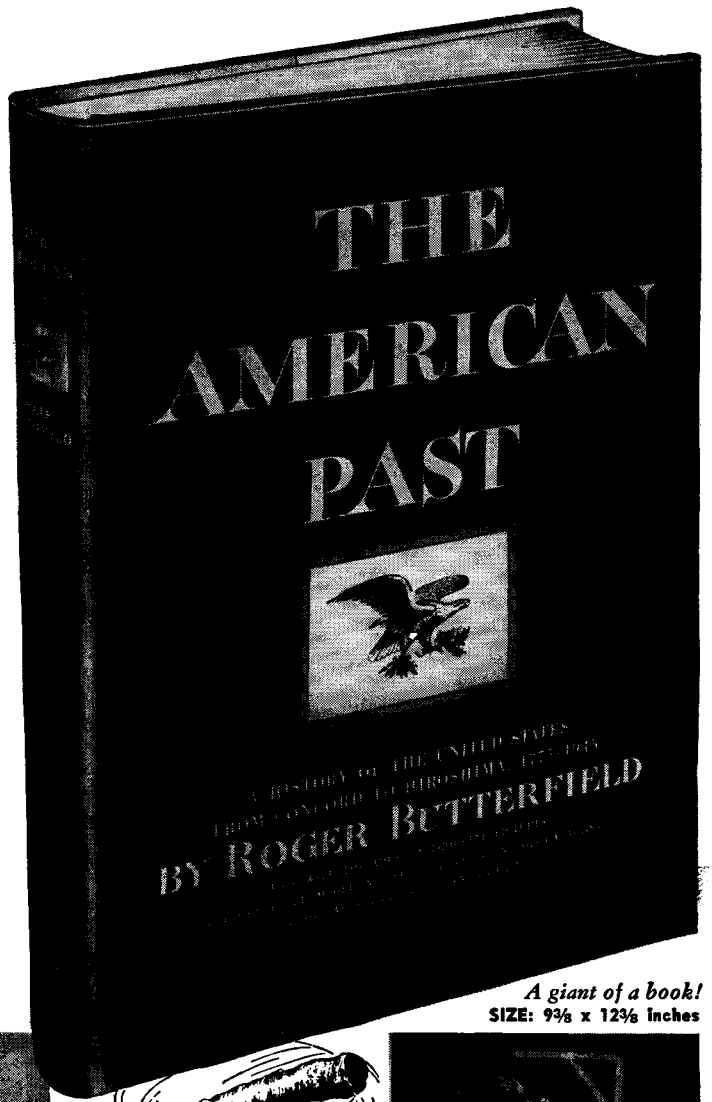

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